

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER WEEKLY FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. I. No. 15.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
38 William Street.

NEW YORK, JUNE 25, 1870.

TERMS: \$2.50 per Annum, in advance.
\$1.25 for Six Months.

Price 5 Cents.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY ERNEST ST. JOHN.

For a kiss from her lips: from her hand a touch,
I long, the good God knows how much!
For a word from her tongue, a glance from her eye,
(The last was bound in a troubled sigh).
For a touch on her face with my outstretched hand
Sweet, sweet, dead face! how my senses stand!
For I long for a smile from her blinded eyes,
With their sad reproof or their glad surprise:
Oh, pines all my soul for a kiss on her cheek,
For a word of love that her lips won't speak.
For a kiss whose unity naught might sever—
For a word soft-spoken—"forever and ever!"

The Masked Miner:

OR,

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.
A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD," ETC.

CHAPTER I. THE NIGHT WALK.

ONE! two! three! four! five! six! seven!
came in mellow but half-muffled notes from
a distant clock tower, down in the city.

The two men, crouched in the thick gloom
under the black shadow of the old house, on
the most unfrequented quarter of Boyd's
Hill, started as they heard the separate
strokes coming up so distinctly on the
thick, wet air of the evening.

"Ha! seven o'clock, Teddy, and it's time
we were off!" said one of the men. "The
boss is punctual, you know, and we mustn't
disappoint him. S'pose we go?"

"All right, and we had better be in a
hurry. Step out, Laurence, and look around;
we must see if the coast is clear. We must-
n't call attention to our old rat-trap, here,"
pointing to the dilapidated frame-house that
reared itself spectrally in the fast-settling
darkness.

The man called Laurence strode away cau-
tiously in the gloom, and reaching a small
knoll, the very eminence of the lofty hill,
peered around him in every direction. His
scrutiny was rapid, but it was searching.
He saw nothing. Not a living soul was
stirring on the desolate heights, save them-
selves, on that dismal evening.

With a low, satisfied chuckle, he hastily
returned to his companion who still stood
under the shadow of the old house.

"Nobody is watching us to-night, Teddy,
that's certain, and why? Because no one
need be out to-night, except such poor
devils as you and me!"

The man, rough, grimy and coarse as he
was, spoke bitterly—it may be feelingly.
For a moment his companion was silent,
but then, looking up suddenly, he said:

"Yes, yes, you're right, Laurence; we are
the only ones who need be out, God knows!
and yet I sometimes wonder—if indeed there
is a God—that He would look on and see poor
man suffer. Well, well; we seldom see
daylight, and when we do, even then our
time isn't our own." There was a pause
again.

"Well, Teddy, it don't matter; so let it
be. Everybody has his or her place, and
we have our'n! But, did you forget it,
Teddy? There are others out this nasty
night, if there's any truth in man's word.
The boss, you know, and his business! Our
part in that business, too, eh, Teddy?"

"Yes, I haven't forgot it, depend upon it,
for there's money in the work, and money
breads bread, and—well, you know it—bread
feeds children, and we must do it! Bad
luck to the day that put us in his power!"
and the man smote his clenched hands to-
gether.

"And, Teddy, even then, on that day, we
were working for our children; why did he
not send us to jail, and be done with it?"

"He uses us better, Laurence! As we are
in the mud, let us wade it through, through,
I tell you! A day of reckoning may yet
come!"

"God grant it!"

At that moment a single sounding stroke
from the distant clock-bell smote softly, yet
distinctly on their ears.

"Come, Teddy; we forgot ourselves;
that's a quarter past seven, and we must be
gone, or it will be too late. See how dark
it is now, and it's more than a step from
here to Mount Washington road."

"We'll go," replied his companion, but-
toning his coat tightly around his throat;
"but I'll tell you, Laurence Ringwood, this
job is the dirtiest of all, and I don't like it,
that's all!"

Quietly, and with catlike steps, despite the
solitude of the locality, the men emerged
from the shadow of the old house into the
heavy gloom of the surrounding darkness.
Without hesitating they entered a small path
leading directly along the edge of the dizzy
cliff, which hung directly over the darkly
flowing Monongahela. They threw not their
gaze over the intervening river to the suburbs
of Birmingham, whose thousands of throats
of flicking flame and fire shone weirdly on the
night; but, with heads bent down, they pur-
sued their way swiftly, and as if thoroughly
acquainted with every inch of the ground
along the narrow path skirting the frightful
ledge. For ten minutes they walked thus,
then paused for a moment, and looked around
them.

"Can't you trust your feet to the steps,
down the hill, Teddy?" asked the one
called Laurence.

"I had rather not to-night. 'Tis a bad

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THERE, IN DEATHLY ARRAY, LAY A BLEACHED SKELETON!

place in the daytime, and though it saves the
matter of a mile, yet, that's a nasty fall of
two hundred feet, Laurence, and the steps are
slippery."

"My notion, too. We'll go down through
the town; 'tis safe and no risk. Come!"

The speaker, followed closely by his tall,
sturdy companion, turned off at right angles,
as he spoke, and, crossing the summit of the
hill, struck into Stephenson street—at all
times lonesome and uninviting, but now
doubly dismal, soundless and dreary.

The men had not noticed a figure that
had hung on their steps from the moment
they had left the old house. That figure,
keeping back a convenient distance, had
steadily but swiftly followed along the dizzy
path; and when they paused to consult
about descending the "steps," the "shadow"
had paused, too. And, as before, when they
strode over the hill, he was again quickly on
their track.

"Strange, strange!" this spy muttered.
"Did chance bring me, in my wretchedness,
to the solitude of this spot for any good
purpose? Nay, can I be instrumental in
doing any thing good under any circum-
stances? Has not heaven shut out its light
from me, so that not a ray of hope can shine
through the ominous clouds that envelope
me? We'll see; we'll see! These voices
are strangely familiar to me! Is there some
villainy afoot? I'll follow them, come
what may. Whew! how chilly the noxious
wet wind! that searches through you!" He
drew his coarse coat up around his ears, and
grasping more firmly his stout cane, he
likewise entered Stephenson street, and trod
cautiously on behind the two night-walkers.

The men in advance took their way down
the deserted street, their pace increasing mo-
mentally, as if they desired to make up for
lost time. At length they turned from that
street into Bedford avenue, and continued
on down, toward the heart of the city. Five
minutes afterward, they appeared in the
civilized portion of the city—on Fifth ave-
nue, on which thoroughfare, despite the now
unpropitious evening, were many persons,
shivering along in the smoky gloom. The
light from the shop windows shone murky,
and a kind of unearthly, spectral glamour
hung over the half-lit street. The lamps
were only burning on one side of the avenue,
and this side was speedily shunned by the
two rough-looking men. They seemed to
court the shade, as they hurried forward,
looking neither to the right nor left.

At length they turned abruptly into Smith-
field street, and in this thoroughfare, as in
the last, they took the shady side. The
solitary walker, who hung behind them, did
the same.

Then came in sight the two lamps stand-
ing at the entrance of the bridge over the
black Monongahela. The lights were flaring
wildly about in the raw wind that swept
along the open levee. The men paused,
and glanced up and down the dark length
of Water street. They were now compelled
to go beneath a light, so they boldly strode
by, deposited their toll, and passed on.

They were under the light but a moment,
but that moment was sufficient to reveal
them to some tall, brawny, rough-looking,
sooty and begrimed men, wearing the under-
ground dress of miners.

Another moment, and he who followed
them stood under the flashing lamplight,
settling his toll, and he, too, was clad in the
rough garb of a miner. Receiving his pen-
nies in change, he strode along after the
others over the bridge.

CHAPTER II. A NOVEMBER DRIZZLE.

IT WAS, indeed, a disagreeable night which
glowered down over the smoke-clad city of

Pittsburgh. The murky lamplights now
steady and dull—now flaring and flickering,
as the heavy gusts occasionally tore through
the half-deserted streets, and forced their wet
breath through the creaking crevices of the
glass—burnt with a half-yellow glare, each
separate lamp-top covered by a halo of
church-yard white.

It was a genuine November night, and
genuine November weather, in 1859. All
day long, from early dawn, the cold, almost
icy drizzle had come down. About four
o'clock in the afternoon a rift had appeared
in the leaden clouds; a gleam of half-splend-
id sunshine had shot down, and immedi-
ately rainbows were belting, in beautiful arches,
the dismal city in all directions.

At the moment when it seemed as if a
more auspicious hour was breaking over the
place, a handsome open buggy, drawn by a
two spirited bays, and driven by a young
gentleman, evidently of wealth and fashion,
spun across the Suspension bridge, then up
Federal street, and turning suddenly into
Stockton avenue, drew up in front of the
residence of Richard Harley, Esq.—ex-iron-
merchant and millionaire—now the richest
man in Allegheny city; his mansion, too, as
he prized himself, the lordliest and grandest
in that aristocratic suburb of Pittsburgh.

With the skill of an experienced driver he
brought his horses up to the curb, uttering a
half-exclamation of triumph at his dexterity,
and a word of encouragement to his beauti-
ful steeds; then flung the silken reins over the
dash-board, and sprung lightly to the walk.

A pair of eyes were watching him from
that lordly mansion, for Grace Harley, the
only daughter and child of the rich man,
stood behind the heavy silken curtains gaz-
ing through the French-pane pane, at the
driver and his equipage. But, there was no
welcoming light in Grace Harley's hazel
eyes—no warning tinge on the smooth
cheek, to tell that the heart was pulsing its
rich current of triumph and of the dark brown
eyes; rather, too, that the warm blood flow-
ed away from the rounded cheek. Certainly,
as she turned, half-pettishly from the win-
dow, an exclamation of commingled impa-
tience and disdain burst from the coral lips
of Grace Harley. Mr. Somerville evidently
was not a welcome guest.

As she spoke, a tall form darkened the
door, and the stately, aristocratic, moneyed
Mr. Harley entered the room.

"Ah! Grace, what is it—what is it?" he
exclaimed; for, as he was near the parlour-
door, he had heard her half-uttered excla-
mation.

"Why, papa—why, nothing much," stam-
mered Grace, reddening.

"Nothing much, eh? and yet there is
something," said the father, kindly, but pos-
itively.

"Well, papa, if you must have it, Mr.
Somerville is here again, and on such a
dreadful day!"

"Mr. Somerville? He certainly won't
hurt you, Grace; he is an excellent young
man—worthy of any maiden's regard. And,
as for the day, why it has cleared off beauti-
fully, and, for a rarity, we have the sun, again.
See!" and the father pointed through the
curtains at the broad, rich flash of sunlight,
which just then entered the room and cover-
ed the rich, velvet carpet with its golden
glitter.

"Yes, papa, all true," said Grace, half-
dreamily, "but, I can't bear Mr. Somerville.
I think he is hateful!"

"Grace, Grace, you speak wildly," answer-
ed the father, sternly. "Mr. Somerville
is the son of my best friend, now deceased;
he is a well-educated young man, and, in a
word, I like him; he is already rich,
and—"

"And, papa—forgive me—that covers all, in
your eyes—nay, forgive me, papa, but I know
it!"

A frown distorted the forehead of the old
ex-merchant; he clenched his hands violent-
ly. A hot answer leaped to his lips, but he
crushed it back.

Grace cowered not, but patted the carpet
with her shivering foot.

"You do me wrong, Grace," at length spoke
the father, calmly as if by an effort; "but, let
me tell you, daughter, that I fear the memory
of that rascal—that minion whom I nurtured
—who stole your heart!"

"Sh! sh! papa, I implore you! Speak
not of him thus, for—but Mr. Somerville
comes!"

Steps sounded on the gravelled walk with-
out; then in the porch; then the bell jingled
loudly, as if rung by a hand that was not
afraid to pull it.

In a moment the visitor was admitted and
shown into the parlour. Mr. Harley was strid-
ing, consequently, up and down the limits
of the elegant apartment, but Grace had
shrunk away into a large arm-chair, in a
corner of the room, where the shade was
greater.

Mr. Somerville was a tall and rather
spare man of about twenty-eight. His head
was small—too small for one of his stature
—and covered with a mass of close-cut
black hair. A thin, rather cadaverous face,
with an aquiline nose, heavy, protruding
lips, the upper shaded by a thick, scrubby
mustache, and a small, retreating chin, close-
ly shaved, as were his feet, disproportion-
ally large—showed likewise that he com-
manded money. The large stones sparkling
in his spotless shirt-front—and the magnifi-
cent cluster that twinkled on the little finger
of his left hand, which, unlike its fellow—
which carried an ivory-handle whip—was
ungloved—were the proofs—indeed, they
were needed—that Somerville kept a bank
account, and that his drafts were hon-
ored. But there was something about the
half-bluish, half-gray eyes of the young man
that struck a chill into your very vitals, for,
if there is any truth in eyes, Somerville's
told of treachery or deceit, it was hard to
decide which.

The young man shook hands cordially
with the old ex-iron-merchant, and noticing
him no further, turned a scrutinizing look
around the room.

"Ah! Miss Grace, you are there, are
you?" and walking up to where the maiden
sat, he bowed obsequiously low.

Grace Harley shuddered, as the man ap-
proached, and she endeavored to put aside,
or not to see, his proffered hand. She could
do neither, for, in an instant, his cold, limp,
half-wet hand, now hastily ungloved, was
thrust in her own warm, velvety, shrinking
palm.

"I have called, Miss Grace, with my open
buggy and bays, to remind you of a promise
to accompany me to the new drive, back of
Mount Washington. We have two hours yet,
and my horses do not travel slowly," he con-
tinued, standing all the time.

For a moment Grace hesitated, but then,
as if summoning up her courage, she said,
distinctly:

"I am certainly obliged for your kindness,

Mr. Somerville, but I think the weather
too unpropitious."

"Not at all so, Miss Grace," interrupted
the young man, rather rudely, and very
earnestly, as an anxious shade flitted over
his face. "The weather has cleared, and—"

"Of course it has, Mr. Somerville," in-
terrupted Mr. Harley, rather authori-
tatively; "and Grace will go with you, and
I thank you for your kindness, too. Of
course you will go, Grace."

As he spoke, he cast a quick, half-angry
look at his daughter. The maiden under-
stood that look.

Rising, with a half-audible murmur, which
sounded, indeed, more like a sigh than any
thing else, the young girl swept out of the
room.

And then the gentlemen returned to their
conversation.

In a few minutes, covered with ample
wrappings, Grace Harley, looking rosy and
beautiful, yet somewhat sad, withal, entered
the parlor. No time was lost. They were
soon out at the light wagon; the girl
was placed tenderly in, packed closely
around with a heavy rich robe, and
then, taking the reins, the gentleman spoke
lightly to the restive steeds, and away they
dashed.

The sun-rift in the clouds soon closed,
however, and ere they had been gone five
minutes the smoky canopy, apparently
denser than ever settled over the city. But
Somerville did not turn back. In ten min-
utes he had crossed the Suspension Bridge
and was rattling on up Fifth avenue toward
the Smithfield street bridge. Over this they
soon passed, and had commenced the ascent
of the Mount Washington road.

CHAPTER III. A DARK SECRET ON THE HILL.

ONE dark night, just a week previous to
the evening first mentioned in our story, a
tall, thickly-wrapped figure appeared above
the steps leading from the cluster of grimy
houses below, on the banks of the Monongah-
ela, and for a moment stood panting on the
broad plateau of Boyd's Hill. The place
was deserted, for the hour was late—cer-
tainly not far from midnight. With but a
moment's pause, and a cautious glance
around, he turned away, and took the nar-
row path running by the very brink of the
cliff. He continued along this path for a
couple of hundred yards; then, striking
across the summit of the hill, continued on,
until he stood under the shadow of a rickety
old frame house—the same to the outside
of which the reader has been introduced.
All was silent as a churchyard.

The man, after peering around him, stepped
softly to the closed door, and looked through
the crevices.

No ray of light came out into the darkness.
Then he placed his ear to the solid panel and
listened for a moment. No sound came
forth. He rapped a peculiar rap, on the solid
door, but the dull, heavy echo within—
sounding supernaturally loud—alone came
back.

"All's well—all's well!" he muttered.
"They know me well, and they'll come on
the minute. What! so late?" as a far-off
clock sounded on the night air. "Well, well,
they must be near now, and I'll hurry in
and look at that keepsake—my 'Dead Se-
cret!' which, like a fool I have not yet bur-
ied from sight. I'll look at it! It nerves
me to my work, begun with it!" It and my
friend here—drawing a brandy-flask from
his side coat-pocket, "will nerve me up to
what yet is to be done!" and so saying he
drank a deep, full draught. And then he
thrust back the flask. For a moment he
reeled under the fiery potion, and then again
he stood erect.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, low yet fearlessly
to himself, "that is the priceless potion—the
elixir of strength—of high courage—nay, of
life itself! Now, I am strong, and now I'll
enter."

Using the key drawn from his overcoat
pocket he flung back the bolt and entered
the house. All was darkness and gloom
within; but suddenly, a light burst forth, as
if by magic, and in a moment the room was
aglow with almost supernatural brilliancy.
The light came from a massive chandelier,
glittering with pendants, and heavy with
cut-glass globes, hanging from the center of
the ceiling. It was evident that the many
lights had been burning low, and that the
man had suddenly turned them on.

A singular scene of richness and beauty
was revealed.

The room of this dilapidated, rickety old
shell—as it appeared to be from the outside
—was fitted up with all the splendor of an
aristocratic parlor. Sofas of richest velvet,
chairs of rare value—inlaid tables of coun-
ting workmanship, fairly crowded the lim-
ited space of the apartment. A heavy carpet
of costliest manufacture covered the floor,
and paintings, in richly gilded, massive
frames, hung upon the velvet-papered walls.

The man, half-reeling, glanced above him
and then staggered back and sunk on one of
the sumptuous seats.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, "this is my
cabin! all mine—and, ye gods! the joyous
hours that have been mine here, and—but, I
forget," he exclaimed, as he quickly arose,
and reeling across the room, suddenly rolled
down a heavy curtain before the door, thus
cutting off all possibility of a tell-tale ray of
light penetrating beyond. There was no
window, whatever, to the room!

"'Tis best to be cautious," he said; "it
would not do for curiosity-seekers to be
drawn here by a straggling light. It's all
right, now."

He retired to his seat, and, for a moment,
bowed his head between his hands.

The brilliant light from the chandelier

shone on an unusually tall and spare man, whose person was wrapped in a heavy overcoat, reaching almost to his feet; his face was almost wholly concealed by a mass of long, black, curling whiskers. Over his brow was drawn a broad-brimmed slouched hat. His appearance and his attire certainly were not in keeping with the almost marvelous richness of the chamber; and yet, he had called this place his "cabin."

At length he raised his head; it was reeling to and fro.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I took too much of that draught—and I am not steady enough. But, it will do, and I can drive it away. Ah! my old friends! you that have passed hours of mad revelry with me, in this noble old chamber—where are you now? Some are walking as of old, the broad avenues of sin—*Sin?* Nonsense! There is no such thing as sin as long as money lasts! No, no! The world is a cess-pool of sin; it is above, around, beneath us. It is everywhere and will ever be. But my good friends: some are enjoying themselves—yes, that's better. Others have grown straight-faced, and gone back on themselves, the fools! and others are in the churchyard, under the wet grass and the damp, heavy clay! ugh!"

For several moments he sat still, changing not his position, nor saying a word. The wind still sighed and sung dolefully around the old house, and the drear November air crept through the crevices of the door, and swayed the heavy curtain hanging there, gently to and fro. The man drew his thick coat more closely around him, and shivered as he felt the searching breeze creeping through, and as he noticed the almost supernatural lifting of the curtain, by the door.

"Cold—cold! and yet not so cold as some who are under the wet grass to-night! No, no! but nonsense! Away with such feelings! I must think of other matters."

"What a good thing for me that I saw that little affair that raw evening, away down deep in the mine—nothing though it was, in itself, yet enough to send my good friends to jail—my noble workmen! Ha, ha! poor fools! and they are mine, to the death. They must do this work for me. I've sworn I would triumph, and triumph I shall! She shall be mine, by some or other means. Ye gods! what mad dreams of love! Love? yes, and love of gold too, have floated over my brain, waking and sleeping, as I have thought of her. And she, so cold, so imperious, so repelling, yet so lovely, so entrancing!"

"Does she love that low-born adventurer yet? It must be. And strange fancies I am impressed with. I have lately seen a face familiar, wondrously similar to his!"

"That for her love for him. All I wish is her hand and her gold, and this move must bring it. The fellows are late," he exclaimed, glancing at a richly-mounted clock on the mantel-piece, the hands of which pointed to one o'clock; and yet, they have never failed me, and they can not fail me now. They dare not! Have I committed myself to them? Am I the least in their power? No! And if I am, money could buy me clear. I am safe!"

"Now I will look at my guest—my skeleton in the closet—ha, ha! to remind me of him who came between me and the girl I loved—loved!"

He staggered to his feet, and half lowered the light. Then he paused, and approaching the door, listened intently. But, as before, no sound was heard save the moan of the wind over the bleak hill.

The man stepped back at once, and going to the further wall of the house, reached up and struck on a particular spot, a sharp blow. There was no response. He struck again, and yet there was no response.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he drew a chair close to the wall. Springing upon it he put both hands on the wall and pressed. Instantly a heavy section of it slowly started, and commenced to descend, the motion being accompanied by a sad kind of a creaking, as of rusted pulleys and chains.

The man stepped back and drew away the chair, and folding his arms closely and determinedly across his chest, gazed at the descending wall. Slowly it sunk, until a long black box appeared in view, and in it, in deathly array, lay a bleached skeleton!

At that moment a low, cautious whistle sounded without. Placing his hands again on the sinking section of the wall, by one determined effort, the man raised it to its place, where it fitted so nicely, that no eye could detect it.

Drawing a pistol, and placing it in convenient reach, he approached near the door, answered the whistle, and then drew back the bolt. Instantly the door was opened, and two large men entered. Then the door closed again.

It was nearly day when three persons left the house and bent their way toward the city. And then, from the gloom, not fifty yards away, another figure slowly raised itself and followed on leisurely toward the inhabited portion of the sleeping town.

(To be continued.)

"CAPITAL THINGS!"

The reader will exclaim in perusing the Camp-Fire Yarns of Captain Mayne Reid. That is just it. They are capital good stories of their kind, full of the very aroma of the forest and prairie, and redolent of the spirit of the wild free life of the hunter and trapper. We have now in hand several splendid yarns, in which the Captain quite excels himself in daguerrotyping the odd, whimsical and yet intrinsically noble characters of the true bordermen.

WATCHING THE WAVE.

Three summers of waiting, and yet no word
From the ship we watched, with a wind so gay,
Speed like some beauteous low-flying bird,
Oceanward over the glistening bay.
Of all the watchful ones, tearful and pale,
A sorrow like Mabel's no heart had borne,
Though wives and mothers, that farewell morn,
Had turned with sobs from the lessening sail.
And now when the bitter fear began,
She was hopeless, they said, had her love forgot;
For the dimming embers of hope to fade
True love till the last would falter not.
They called her cold; she was only brave.
When nights were fierce none knew, but I,
How her sleep would echo, with moaning cry,
The long dull boom of the winter wave.
And many an evening, while gusts rang shrill
From pine to pine of the shoreland steep,
And over the dark bare curve of the hill
Keen stars were globed in their purpling deeps,
I saw from my window her wan face gleam
Above where the tumbling surges broke,
And made out of fancy the prayer she spoke—
Heard not, yet heard, in my pitying dream!
Five winters of waiting, and yet had come
No message; and all were hopeless grown;
Some were patient in sorrow, and some
Questioned God's mercy with scoffing tone;
But Mabel—they call her cold no more—
Months ere the tidings were brought at last,
Had learned wild truths of the ocean-blast,
That swept her grave on the chill, bleak shore!

The Ace of Spades: OR, IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XX.

A NEW ALLY FOR THE "MARQUIS."

THE "Marquis" listened at once to his room on Broadway; there he found Jim, and astonished that worthy by giving him a full account of the abduction of the girl that had been rescued from misery.

When he had finished his story, Jim uttered but two words:

"English Bill!"

Catterton was struck by the coincidence. Both he and Jim, without consultation, had picked out the same man as being at the bottom of the girl's abduction.

"Just what I think, Jim!" cried the "Marquis." "By some means this ruffian has learned of Iola's retreat, and laid this scheme to get her into his hands again. It has succeeded only too well. But, let this ruffian beware, for I'll follow her, even though the path leads to certain death!"

Jim had never seen his friend—who was usually so quiet—so agitated as now.

"Suppose this brute—for he is a brute, you know—should 'alf kill the girl for runnin' away from 'im when he gets 'er into 'is 'ands?" asked Jim.

"If he does, it will be the worst day's work that he has ever done in all his life!" exclaimed Catterton, and the angry glitter of his eye told that his blood was fully up.

"I suppose it will be no use to apply to the police?" observed Jim.

"No; this brute is her father, and he would plead that as a right to do as he pleased with the girl, even though his treatment was crushing the life out of her inch by inch."

"Vy, 'Marquis,' I never saw you so hexcited before!" exclaimed Jim, in astonishment.

"Jim, I'm at a white heat with passion. I love this girl—that is, I love her like a sister! With the exception of one other, it's the only love of my life. And when I think of her being in the power of this black-guard—this brute in the image of a man—it makes the blood boil in my veins. When I think that she will be utterly at his mercy, that that little form may quiver under his blows without any one being near to save her from him, it makes me wild with passion, and, Jim, I don't get wild very often."

"That's so," said the Englishman; "but what are we to do? I'm with you, you know, tooth and nail!"

"Why, in the first place visit that den in Water street where we went the other night—"

"Yes, but we'll get our blasted 'eads smashed, you know," interrupted Jim.

"We must disguise ourselves. I'd risk it for her sake, if it were a trip to the infernal regions!" cried the "Marquis."

"Well, it's about as near as we can get to them on earth, you know," returned Jim.

"We'll get a couple of wigs, and I'll shave myself clean, and with our old clothes and a slouch hat pulled down over our eyes, I think we can go all through Water street without our disguise being discovered."

"All right, my nooble dook! As you say here in Hamerica, 'you can count me in!'" cried the Englishman.

"We'll go to the dance-house first, where we were the other night, though I hardly believe that Bill will take her there. But I have an idea that if we run across that newsboy—the one that turned off the gas so cleverly the other night—that we can probably hire him to search for Iola. He will not be suspected, and can penetrate into places that would baffle our efforts or the efforts of any member of the detective police."

"I say, 'Marquis,' you've got a 'ead on your shoulders, you 'ave!" cried Jim, in admiration.

"It will pass in a crowd, Jim," responded the young man.

Then the two prepared for the nocturnal adventure.

At a costumer's, a few blocks from his room, Catterton procured a couple of wigs—nice brown curly ones. Then returning

to the room, the two dressed themselves in the same old suits that they had worn on the night when they made their first visit to the notorious dance-house.

Then Catterton shaved off his mustache and imperial, Jim darkened his eyebrows, and putting on the wigs their disguise was perfect.

"Vy, we look just like a couple of London 'cracksmen' (burglars) hunt of work!" Jim exclaimed, after he and the "Marquis" had completed their toilet.

"I think we'll pass muster even in Water street," replied the "Marquis."

"Vy, our hown mothers wouldn't know us!"

"It is the eyes of hate that we are to deceive, not those of love," observed the "Marquis."

"Vell, it's a toss-hup which is the sharper, you know," said the Londoner.

"It won't take us long to find out whether the girl is in the house in the rear of the saloon or not. We are already familiar with the way, and if any one interferes with me in my search, I shan't hesitate to use my revolver."

"Neither shall I," returned Jim, coolly. "I admire you Hamericans for one thing—whenever you gets into a rumppuss you're halway very quick on the trigger."

"The first blow is a great advantage in any kind of a contest, Jim," said the "Marquis."

"Has you Hamericans say, your 'ead is level?"

"Come, let's travel."

And so, with their lives in their hands, as it were, the "Marquis" and Jim started for the Water street dance-house.

The two arrived in front of the dance-house without incident worthy of mention occurring on their passage thither.

In front of the dance-house they found the newsboy, Shorty, that being the usual resort of that enterprising young gentleman after he had finished selling his papers.

"See here, my young friend," said the "Marquis," beckoning the boy away from the circle of light thrown out by the illuminated windows of the saloon, "I want to have a talk with you."

"Look ahere!" responded this brilliant specimen of the "street Arabs" of New York, "I charges a quarter for to look at me, I does; so shell out!" The newsboy imagined that the two were countrymen seeing the sights, and of course were "flats"—the term applied by the sharpers of the great city to all of the genus countryman.

"How would you like to make a dollar?" asked the "Marquis."

Shorty looked at the roughly-dressed stranger in amazement.

"Say! You don't want to fool 'round me now, I tell yer!"

Shorty was indignant; he did not relish being joked with, and the idea of earning a dollar was entirely too large for him to swallow.

"My respected young friend, I haven't the least idea of fooling with you," said Catterton, quietly. "I'm going to offer you a chance to make a dollar, and with very little trouble."

"Is that so, sport?" asked the boy, eagerly, yet still with considerable doubt in his mind.

"Yes."

"Honest Injun?"

"Yes, honest Injun!" replied the "Marquis."

"Jest you tell me how?"

"I will. Do you remember me and my friend here?"

The boy took a good look at the two, and though he was blessed with an extremely good memory, yet, owing to the excellent disguises worn by the "Marquis" and his companion, he did not recognize them.

"I never see'd you afore," he said.

"Oh, yes, you have. Do you remember turning off the gas in this dance-house here about four nights ago?"

"Who said I turned off the gas?" cried Shorty, beginning to be alarmed, and all ready to take to his heels at the first sign of danger, for he began to have a suspicion that the two strangers might be some friends of English Bill, and the newsboy knew very well that if that worthy or any of his gang had found out that it was he who turned off the gas, and thus secured the escape of the two men that they marked as their prey, it would go hard with him.

The "Marquis" perceived the alarm of the boy.

"Do not fear," he said. "We are friends, and mean you no harm. We are the two men that English Bill and his gang attacked in the saloon and whom you assisted to save."

"Why, you don't say so?" cried Shorty, in wonder. "Say, are you detectives?"

However much the "street Arabs" may despise and hate the regular police force, yet that hatred does not extend to the detectives, whom they regard as heroes. Seeing the two strangers evidently disguised, the newsboy instantly thought that they must be detectives.

"Well, not exactly," replied Catterton, "although at present we are doing a little in that line."

"And you want me for to help you?" asked Shorty, eagerly jumping to conclusions.

"Yes; we need your assistance in a certain matter, and are willing to pay you liberally for it."

"Jest you spit it out!" cried Shorty, delighted at the chance to distinguish him-

self, and proud of the confidence reposed in him.

"You know the girl we came to see the other night?"

"To!" quickly exclaimed the boy.

"Yes."

"Well, she ain't here, not no more!"

"Yes, I know that. I am in search of her. Do you know where she is?"

"In course I does, you bet!" cried Shorty, in triumph.

"You do?" and the deep, eager tone of the "Marquis," showed how strong was his desire to find the girl that had been stolen from him.

"Bet your stamps on it!" Shorty was partial to slang phrases.

"Where is she?" eagerly inquired Catterton, full of joy at the thought of succeeding so easily in his quest.

"Why, in a red brick house in Grand street near Broadway!" replied the boy, confidently.

The feeling of disappointment that took possession of Catterton's breast at having his hopes dashed thus rudely to the ground is difficult to describe.

"How do you know that she is there?" asked the "Marquis," thinking perhaps that the question might lead to further information.

"Why I—" and Shorty suddenly paused. For the first time it occurred to the newsboy that English Bill would not have given him a dollar for nothing; and that his intent toward Iola could not possibly be anything but bad.

"Say, you won't be mad at a feller, will yer, if I tell you all 'bout it?" asked the newsboy.

"No, far from it," answered Catterton. "I'll pay you well for any information in regard to the girl."

"All correct! Well, you see, as I was a-cryin' the papers up Grand street 'bout six o'clock—I know 'twas 'bout that time 'cos I'd jest come up from the office with last edition—I met Bill in Grand street an' he gives me a dollar to go over to the house an' find out 'bout his gal, Iol, that he said was a-hangin' out there. I found out all I could an' it wasn't very much an' I told him an' he forked over the dollar. That's how I knowed that she was there."

This was decidedly unsatisfactory. The "Marquis" was discouraged.

"Has Iol' lit out from the shanty?" asked the boy.

"She has been carried off by Bill," answered Catterton.

"Crickety!" cried Shorty, in amazement.

"Do you think that you could find out where Bill has taken her?" asked the "Marquis."

"Is that what you're goin' to pay me a dollar for?"

"Yes."

"I kin do it!" cried Shorty, emphatically, "if I don't, jest you cave in my head an' call me a foo-foo!"

"If you succeed the dollar is yours!"

"I'll take it in now, you bet!" cried the boy, "jest you wait here a little while. I knows all 'bout the old shanty in the rear; I lives in there, I does. Jest you wait here. And the new ally of the "Marquis" disappeared up the alley."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEAD LIFE BECOMES A LIVING ONE.

IT was on the evening of the third day after the old secretary had been carried fainting to his room.

By the bedside of the old man sat Doctor Dornton.

The little doctor has taken a great interest in the strange sickness of the old man.

For three days life and death had contended together, and their battle-field had been the body of the secretary.

Dornton had given the case of the patient up as hopeless. As he had said, the chances were ten to one against his recovery. But the one chance prevailed, and "death's pale flag" had retreated from the field.

The patient, for the first time during his illness, had fallen into a deep, refreshing sleep. For five hours the deep slumber had been upon the brain of the sick man. The feverish lips had ceased to mutter. The strange sentences of meaningless words no longer filled the air of the sick-room.

The patient slept, and in that sleep there was hope—nay, more, there was life to the sleeper.

The doctor felt the pulse of the old man.

"It is beating as calmly as an infant's. He is out of danger," murmured the doctor to himself. "This is really the strangest case I have ever seen."

The sick man turned uneasily upon his side.

"Ah, he is waking!" exclaimed the doctor. "I wonder if he is in possession of his senses?"

With a sigh the sick man opened his eyes—the eyes that, with their vacant stare, had made such an impression on Mr. Tremaine when he had first looked upon them. But had he beheld them now, he never would have guessed that they were the same eyes. They had lost the vacant look, and were gleaming, full of fire, full of luster, full of intelligence. They were the bright, sparkling orbs of a man of thirty, not the dull eyes of sixty years.

The doctor was astonished at the change in the face of his patient, for opening the eyes had changed the whole appearance of the features.

With a bewildered glance the sick man looked around him.

"Where am I?" he asked, in a tone of wonder.

"Why, don't you remember?" asked the doctor, in astonishment.

"No," said the sick man, slowly, and then he looked inquiringly into the doctor's face, "you are a stranger to me. I do not remember to have seen you before. The room looks familiar, but—" and here the strange man closed his eyes wearily, "it seems to me as if I have been in a frightful dream—a dream that has taken up long years of my life."

The doctor wondered at the speech. He fancied that the patient was again wandering in his mind.

"In whose house am I?" demanded the sick man, suddenly.

"In the house of Mr. Tremaine," answered the doctor.

"Tremaine? Tremaine?" murmured the sick man, as if in doubt.

"Yes; is it possible that you do not remember?"

"No, no, I do remember," replied the secretary, "but it seems so terrible that I can not bring myself to think that it is reality."

"What do you mean?" The doctor was puzzled by the strange words.

"I can not tell you," replied the secretary, "but answer me one question: is this house No. 810 Fifth avenue?"

"Yes, of course," said the doctor, amazed at the question. "Why, you must know what the number is."

"I don't know what I know!" exclaimed the sick man, wildly; "so many strange things have flashed across my brain in the last few minutes that I do not know whether I am in possession of my senses or insane. You are Doctor Dornton, are you not?"

"Yes," answered the doctor.

"I begin to believe that I am in possession of my senses then, after all. If so, what a strange situation fate has been pleased to place me in."

"What are you talking about? I can't understand your words any better now than I could yesterday when you were raging in the fever," said the bewildered doctor.

"Doctor," cried the secretary, suddenly and without paying attention to the doctor's question, "have you known me long?"

The question again made the doctor open his eyes in wonder.

"Why don't you answer?" demanded the patient.

"Well, as to personal knowledge," replied the doctor, "I must say that I know very little of you. I have seen you during the past years when you were in the employ of Doctor Brown."

"Ah, I have been in his employ, then?" interrupted the secretary.

"Yes, of course! Don't you remember?" asked Dornton, more and more astonished at the strange words of the sick man.

"I have had such frightful dreams that seem like reality, that I can not tell the difference between the two. Do you know any thing about my past life?"

"Eh?" said Dornton, rather bewildered at the question, and somewhat at a loss how to answer it.

"I mean, do you know how I have passed the last years? Tell me all you have ever heard about me," asked the strange man, with powerful entreaty in his tones.

"Certainly," replied Dornton. "Ten years ago you were discharged from the Lunatic Asylum, where you had been for some time under treatment for insanity."

"Yes, six long years," murmured the secretary, "six years, all one long, dark night."

"What? you remember, then?"

"Yes; but go on!"

"Your restoration to reason was effected in a remarkable manner—by means of a heavy fall. Your insanity was supposed to be caused by a fracture of the skull."

"It was—it was," said the stranger, in the same low voice; "I remember it now—I remember the events of that fearful, terrible night."

"Your memory has returned to you, then?" cried the doctor, in wonder.

"Yes; a Boston surgeon once told me that a second shock, either mental or physical, would cure me completely. That man was wiser than his fellow-doctors. They could not understand his liberal mind, and called him mad, like the rabble who think all men are insane whose ideas are too great for their shallow brains to comprehend. It is the fate of genius to be misunderstood. But go on, sir, with my life. I begin to think that I haven't dreamed at all, but, like Hamlet, there has been 'method in my madness.' If it is so, what a terrible life-path is marked out for me!"

The doctor could hardly believe his ears when he heard these strange words falling from the lips of the quiet old secretary.

"Go on with my history," continued Whitehead.

"You have received some shock, then?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

"Was it physical or mental?"

"Mental," and an expression of acute pain passed over the features of the sick man.

"There!" cried the doctor, in triumph, "I told Tremaine that you must have received some terrible shock to produce this attack of brain-fever; but he said that it was not so."

"He was wrong; he uttered words that pierced my brain like red-hot irons. But

he himself could not have guessed that his words would affect me. Go on with my history."

"You were restored to reason, but your memory was impaired. You could not remember any thing appertaining to your past life. You were taken by Doctor Brown into his office. You remained with him ten years; then he retired from practice, and you entered the service of Mr. Tremaine here. That was only a few days ago."

"Tis as I thought!" exclaimed the secretary; "my dream is all a reality. Then I am in his house—in the house of the man that—" and then the secretary caught the doctor's wondering eyes fixed upon him, and he broke off abruptly in his speech.

"Do not mind my disjointed utterances," he said; "I fear that the fever has not got out of my head yet."

The doctor felt his pulse.

"Why, man, your pulse doesn't show a sign of fever; it is beating as regular as an infant's."

"I shall be well to-morrow, probably."

"Yes, except that you will be a little weak. But, by the way, will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Yes," said the secretary.

"How old a man are you?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Only to satisfy myself," replied the doctor. "I never saw a man of your age in the splendid state, physically, that you are in. You have an arm and leg that would do honor to a prize-fighter."

"How old do you suppose I am, doctor?"

"Well, judging by your face, I should say you were between sixty and seventy, and possibly over seventy," the physician replied.

"I am just forty-six years of age," said the secretary.

The doctor stared in astonishment.

"Only forty-six!" he exclaimed.

"That is my exact age."

"Why, I can't understand it!" exclaimed Dornton, thoroughly astonished. "What has made you look so old?"

"You have possibly read, doctor, of men's hair being turned from black to white by a sudden shock—a terror lasting only a few hours, or perhaps only a few minutes?"

"Yes," replied Dornton; "I have read of such cases."

"Can you wonder, then, that, with a fractured skull and six years of madness, my hair is white? To say nothing, mind you, of ten years of life that was but living death. Ten years passed in a waking dream, without even the slightest remembrance of who or what I formerly was."

"No, no, I do not wonder at it," hastily replied the doctor; "your suffering has indeed been terrible. Then your name is not Whitehead?"

"No, of course not. I was brought to the asylum a crazed stranger. No one knew my name—I could not give it, for reason was a blank. On account of my white head, the keepers, tired of calling me No. 80, gave me my present name. Doctor Brown added James to it, and so I have lived on in the world as James Whitehead."

"And what is your name?" asked Dornton, with natural curiosity.

"I can not tell it to you in this house!" cried the white-haired man, strangely affected. "Were I to pronounce my name here, the very walls would shrink from me in terror!"

The doctor, at this strange speech, was more thoroughly bewildered than he had been at any other time during this strange interview.

"You are speaking in riddles!" he cried. "Doctor, for sixteen years I have been dead to the world. But now I return to it, and in my heart rages the same wish that filled it on the night when I was struck from life, sixteen years ago."

"And that wish?" asked the amazed doctor.

"Is for vengeance on the man that has wronged me!"

Dornton gazed at the speaker in astonishment, not unmixed with terror.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

For a few moments there was silence in the room of the secretary.

The doctor was pondering deeply over the strange speech of the white-haired man. But for the clearness and energy of the speech, the physician would have thought that the man was raving. But there was no room for doubt; the secretary was evidently in full possession of all his faculties.

The case, too, as this strange being had put it, was not unnatural. He passed from life—for, as he had truly said, for sixteen years his existence had been a blank, as far as it was connected with his life before—with a strong wish, a passion swaying his whole nature—so to speak—in his heart. He returned to life with that wish, that passion, the ruling one now, as it had been sixteen years before. The theory was extremely probable, and Doctor Dornton recognized its probability.

"I suppose I shall be infringing upon your secret if I inquire, who this man is?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," answered the secretary.

"Well, then, I won't inquire," said Dornton, philosophically.

"I will not breathe my secret to mortal, not even to my foe. For sixteen years he

has pursued his way through the world without being called to account for his crime. He has enjoyed all the pleasures of life. He, the guilty one; while I, his victim, driven crazy by his crime—for that was the real cause, my accident but the effect of that cause—have been lingering in the darkness of a disordered brain. But there is justice in this world, after all, and that justice, by an accident, has restored my reason to me; has placed me on the track of this man whom I will hunt down to his death!"

The doctor, despite his firm nerves, used as he was to scenes of death, and like horrors, shuddered at the fierce tone and glaring eyes of this human bloodhound, who had waked from his sleep of years with one thought, one wish in his heart, and that wish in its fulfillment involved the shedding of human blood.

"How has this man wronged you?" asked the doctor, thinking that the wrong must be bitter indeed that had caused such a terrible thirst for vengeance.

"Robbed me of all that made life dear!" cried the secretary, with fearful emphasis. "Came like a thief when I was absent, and stole my jewel from me. Robbed me of the heart that should have been wholly mine."

The doctor, shrewd, sagacious man of the world, guessed the truth instantly.

"Ah!" he muttered to himself, "there's a woman in the case. I thought so. Women are always at the bottom of all devilry in this world, and have been so from the days of Adam downward. As Bulwer says, 'Woman should have no sins of her own to answer for; she is the cause of such a list of follies in man, that it would require the tears of all the angels to blot the record out.'"

"I suppose it is needless to remark that the doctor was a bachelor."

"I must warn you, my friend, against giving way to these fits of passion in your present weak state, else you will probably have a relapse."

Dornton, able physician as he was, had not guessed that his patient's malady had affected the head alone, and that physically he was as well as ever.

"Do not fear, doctor," the secretary replied; "to-morrow I shall be a well man."

"Well, I hope to see you so," said the doctor, rising to depart.

"Good-by, doctor," said the secretary, holding out his hand; "you have been very kind to me, and God help me, I have needed kindness."

"Oh, you needn't say good-by," replied Dornton, returning to shake hands with his patient; "say adieu, that's French, you know—means a parting for the present only. You say 'good-by' to a man that you do not expect to see for some time."

"That is why I said good-by to you, doctor," returned the secretary.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Dornton, in wonder. "I shall see you in the morning, for I shall make a point of calling in to see how you are getting on."

"You may call, doctor, but you will not see me," replied the other.

"Why so? you won't deny your medical attendant admission to your chamber?"

"Cried Dornton, with an air of mock dignity.

"Oh, no, doctor; but I shall leave this house early in the morning."

"Why, what on earth are you going to do that for?" cried the physician in amazement.

"Were I to touch another morsel in this house, now that I know what I do, it would choke me!" said the secretary, excitedly.

The doctor could give but one meaning to this, and that was that the secretary's real station in life was far above the one he now occupied, and having recovered his reason, he felt ashamed of his menial position. Dornton had already come to the conclusion that his patient was a man of breeding.

"I understand you are ashamed of your present position in this household."

"That may be the reason," replied the secretary, and a peculiar look appeared on his face. It was there, but a moment, and the doctor, who was a little near-sighted, did not notice it.

"Well, after you get settled, if you will leave your address at my office, any time, sir, I shall be pleased to call upon you and continue our acquaintance. I assure you, sir, I take a deep interest in you." And with these words the doctor departed.

"A good heart," murmured the secretary, "but what are good hearts to me, when mine is blasted and withered forever?"

For a little while the secretary remained in deep thought.

"I can not understand it!" at length he cried, talking aloud as if addressing his conversation to some one, although the room contained no one but himself. "If she is the child, how came she here with him?" Another silence, broken only by the ticking of the little clock upon the mantel-piece.

"Blue eyes and golden hair—that is right, except that the mother's hair was straight, while hers curls in crispy ringlets. Still, that is possible. Children do not always resemble the mother. When I first came here, the hair and eyes seemed familiar, though then, I had no suspicions whose house I was in, or how deeply I was interested in this girl. But now—now that my memory has come back to me, I can not trace in her features a single likeness to her mother; and if she is the child, how can

she have got into his hands? That is a mystery. Accident, perhaps, might have brought them in contact. He asserted positively to his son that she was the child. He was not playing a game of deception; no, the truth was evident in his voice."

Again there was silence in the room. The brows of the secretary were knitted as if puzzling thoughts were passing through his brain.

"I have it!" he cried at last, after a long period of silent thought. "I might have remembered it before. Let me once see her shoulder and I shall know the truth. But how can I see that shoulder? There is but one way and that is full of danger. That is to enter her room after she is asleep—but if she should wake and discover me? There is but little danger. All suppose that I am very sick, besides I have no motive, that any one could guess, for such an action. How can I enter the room?" A moment the secretary thought.

"I have it!" he cried in exultation; "the key of the library will fit the lock; I can easily push the inside key out. The slight noise made by it dropping to the floor will not be apt to wake her. One single moment by her side and I can discover the truth. I will make the attempt."

And so having come to this conclusion, the secretary lay upon the bed and watched the hands of the clock as they moved slowly around, marking the flight of time.

The hands of the clock marked twelve before the secretary stirred from the bed. Then he arose and dressed himself.

In stocking-feet he moved to the door, opened it and listened. All was still within the house. The inmates long since were buried in slumber.

Closing the door behind him carefully, the secretary stole cautiously and with noiseless feet along the entry.

The apartment occupied by Essie was on the floor beneath the one on which the room of the secretary was situated.

Slowly and without a particle of noise, the secretary descended the stairs. In his hand he carried a small pair of seissors.

The strange, white-haired man proceeded first to the library and took the key from the door; then he crept to the one that led into the apartment occupied by the young girl.

At the door, the secretary listened carefully; no sound within gave sign of life.

"She is young, and with this grief upon her heart, when she does sleep, she must sleep soundly. Now for the key." Thus murmured the secretary. Then, after a moment's listening, to make sure that he would not be disturbed, this prowler of the night inserted one of the blades of the seissors into the keyhole. Luckily for his purpose, the key in the inside, with which Essie had locked the door before retiring, was placed almost square in the key-hole.

A slight tap with the point of the seissor-blade and the key was pushed out and fell to the floor inside the room.

Then again the secretary paused and listened intently to discover if the slight noise made by the key striking the floor had awakened the sleeper.

But to the ear placed to the key-hole came no sound to indicate that the young girl had been disturbed by the noise, which indeed was but slight, hardly as much as a mouse would have made running across the floor.

"It has not disturbed her!" the secretary murmured, after a few minutes of patient listening.

Then he gently placed the key he had taken from the library door in the lock. Slowly and carefully he turned it. The well-oiled bolt moved noiselessly back. The door was now unlocked.

The secretary turned the door-knob with the same caution with which he had displaced the key and opened the door.

With stealthy steps the secretary entered the sleeping chamber of Essie.

The gas-light by the head of the bed, turned down, threw a dim light over the room; but it gave light enough to serve the secretary's purpose. Noiselessly he approached the bed. Essie was sleeping soundly. The coverlet thrown back—for the room was warm—exposed the shoulders of the young girl, covered only with the night-dress.

Essie was lying on her right side, thus exposing to view the left shoulder. Carefully the secretary drew down the night-dress and exposed the white skin of the shoulder that shone like polished marble.

A single glance and the secretary was satisfied.

Carefully replacing the key in the lock he left the room.

"When she wakes in the morning, she will fancy that she forgot to lock the door," he muttered, as he stole up stairs.

(Continued next week—commenced in No. 9.)

The Whaleman's Lance.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

HAPPENING to open an old geography book, just now, my eye was struck by the following statement: "Nantucket, situated on an island, is more extensively engaged in the whale fisheries than any other place in the United States," which is one among the many evidences that what was true once is not true to-day.

The glory of Ichabod has departed. Nantucket can no longer call herself the

head-quarters of the whale-slaughtering enterprise.

But this "System of School Geography" dates 1838, since which day several persons have come into the world who were never here before, and several have gone out of it who are not likely to come back.

Among the latter, in all human probability, I may number Shubael Hussey, captain of the good ship Japan on her first voyage around the Horn, in search of sperm whales.

Our voyage was nothing extraordinary for those days, but now her success would be deemed remarkable. After being out two years and nine months, we were nearly full of pure sperm oil. The captain was unwilling to go home until every cask was full. What should he do? He could hardly hope to fill up with sperm oil before his stores were all exhausted. Accordingly, he bore off for Talcahuana, and came to anchor in Concepcion Bay, under the lee of the Island of Kerekenia. I don't know how the word is spelt; I spell it as it is pronounced, and if Isaac Pitman is any authority, it is better to spell words as they are pronounced, than to cram in a parcel of letters, for mere ornament, which stand forever silent like the man in the parable, who was caught without a wedding-garment.

But, while we are discoursing learnedly in the style of the *Round Table*, our hardy crew are engaged in mooring the Japan head and stern, sending down yards, and housing the topmasts. This shows that Captain Hussey was a careful man, and did not intend to be caught napping by one of those northerly winds that occasionally blow into the harbor, and make every thing smoke.

Having made every thing snug, the captain now announced the fact that he was going to fill up with humpback oil. A great many humpback whales were seen sporting in the bay; they came in to feed, and their tall, slender spouts could be seen going up in every direction.

The humpbacks were so extremely shy, and so wary, that it was necessary to have recourse to strategy in order to take them. Accordingly, we approached them when asleep. A whale would be observed lying perfectly still on the surface. Drawing in our oars, which, when used, made too much noise in the locks, we propelled the boat with short paddles; and, even then, it was necessary to guard against making the least noise.

Having approached near enough, and the whale remaining still, the boat-steerer arose cautiously, seized his iron, and let fly at the broadside of the animal.

You may judge of the whale's astonishment when aroused from his calm and peaceful slumbers by so rude an assault—a barbed iron sent through blubber and muscle, nearly, if not quite, to his vitals.

A sudden spring into the air was, not unfrequently, the whale's response to this unexpected and unwelcome salutation. That ugly mass of flesh and bone suddenly distorted and thrashing about in the most violent and desperate manner made the waters foam and boil to a great distance around him, like a seething pot. Boats were swamped, overset, or knocked into the air by the whale's flukes.

There was another great inconvenience attending the taking of this description of whales. As soon as they ceased their desperate struggles, they would run for the mouth of the harbor, right out to sea.

Therefore, not only the bowsman, but every oarsman in the boat was obliged to face about and take hold of the line to pull the boat up within striking distance of the fish. But the animal went so fast that the accelerated speed given to the boat by pulling in the line brought her head under water at every jerk. Then, somebody must let go of the line and bail boat to keep her afloat. In that very much time was spent; the boat would be dragged to a great distance from the ship, and as the ship was not under sail, she could not come to the boats after the whale was killed. It was often necessary to cut loose from the whale and let him go, on account of the great distance to which he carried the boat. If the whale was killed, it was an everlasting job to tow the carcass to the ship.

It will be perceived, then, that the great object in attacking these humpbacks was, to kill them as soon as possible; for, if they were killed slow, it saved a great deal of time and labor.

In different parts of the bay might be seen a canoe resting a great while in one spot. These canoes were employed in taking a sort of black muscles, very large and very good. The man of the canoe carried out with him a young girl, from seventeen to nineteen years of age. He felt on the bottom with a long pole till he found a good bed of muscles. Then he stood his pole upright, one end resting on the bottom, while the other he held firmly in his hands. The girl, being accommodated with a sack, took hold of the pole and let herself down by it till she reached the bottom, when she filled her sack with muscles, and came up by the pole, hand over hand. When she reached the surface, her sack was emptied into the canoe, and she went down again for more muscles. We were astonished at seeing how long these young creatures remained under water. Some of our crew were in favor of lynching the wretches who thus remained comfortably in their canoes, while they sent the young girls down to the bottom of the bay to scrape up muscles for them.

One day, the mate's boat fastened to a sleeping humpback, who woke up in a very bad temper. He thrashed about furiously for a while, and then set out on the full run for the mouth of the harbor, but fighting as he went, thus causing a considerable commotion in the waters around him. We scarcely noticed a canoe near which the whale passed, but it was overturned; the native who occupied it being thus thrust into the water, made for the shore, which was not very distant, and he was evidently an experienced swimmer.

I said that the whale fought as he went—not all the time; but he occasionally stopped to give battle, like the retreating Abner, who paused long enough to smite Asahel, the son of Zeruiah, with his spear, under the fifth rib, that he died.

So paused the whale a moment, and the mate lost no time in drawing up and launching his lance at the broadside of the rampant fish. But he was astonished to perceive something like a bundle of clothes through which his lance had gone. Then his amazement was increased by distinguishing the head of a young girl!

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Chase; "I've pinned a girl to the whale with my lance! It's one of those muscle-divers. Oh, shocking!—I've killed her! What shall I do?"

The whale was, in the mean time, pierced to the heart, and soon turned up, the girl being uppermost. We made haste to release the girl. Fortunately, her skin was but just grazed by the weapon, but it had gone through her clothes, and completely nailed her to the fish. We were obliged to cut away a good part of her clothing before she could be released. The mate then lifted her into the boat, and made a thousand apologies, not one word of which could she understand; but what woman ever mistook the meaning of a man who addressed her with kindness, in any language?

Notwithstanding her miserable habiliments, the girl was pretty. The mate sent her on board the Japan to be taken care of, and to have her wounds—only a couple of scratches—properly medicated.

Finally, the mate came on board with the whale's carcass. The whale was cut in as usual, and then the mate devoted more time to the young girl, whom he regarded as the captive of his lance and his spear. He found her not only charming in her personal appearance, but full of lively sallies and *naïveté*. He asked her if the man in the canoe was her father. She replied that he was nothing to her, and that she had no parents. She had been employed in bringing up muscles from the bottom of the bay, and just as the whale passed that way, she was down under the water. She came up at the moment the mate darted his lance; thus she was pinned to the whale.

The mate had no difficulty in persuading the young and homeless creature to go to Nantucket with him, and on first arriving there, he married her. She soon became a favorite in the first families on the Island, and from her have sprung two of the most capable and enterprising young men in Massachusetts.

Hints and Helps.

Healthful Observances.—1. To eat when you do not feel like it is brutal—nay, this is a slander on the lower animals; they do not so debase themselves.

2. Do not enter a sick chamber on an empty stomach, nor remain as a waiter or nurse until you feel almost exhausted, nor sit between the patient and the fire, nor in the direction of a current of air from the patient toward yourself, nor eat or drink anything after being in a sick room until you have rinsed your mouth thoroughly.

3. Do not sleep in any garment during the day.

4. Most grown persons are unable to sleep soundly and refreshingly over seven hours in summer, and eight in winter; any attempt to force more sleep on the system by a nap in the daytime, or a "second nap" in the morning, renders the whole of the sleep disturbed and imperfect.

5. Some of the most painful "stomach aches" are occasioned by indigestion; this generates wind, and hence distension. It is often promptly remedied by kneading the abdomen with the ball of the hand, from one side to another, from the lower edge of the ribs downward, because the accumulated air is forced away.

6. When you return to your house from a long walk or other exhaustive exercise, go to the fire or warm room, and do not remove a single article of clothing until you have taken a cup or more of some kind of hot drink.

7. In going into a colder atmosphere keep the mouth closed, and walk with a rapidity sufficient to keep off a feeling of chilliness.

8. Two pair of thin stockings will keep the feet warmer than one pair of a greater thickness than both.

9. "The night sweats" of disease come on toward daylight; their deadly clamminess and coldness is greatly modified by sleeping in a single, loose, long woolen shirt.

10. The man or woman who drinks a cup of strong tea or coffee or other stimulant in order to aid in the better performance of any work or duty, public or private, is a fool, because it is to the body and brain an expenditure of what is not yet got—it is using power in advance, and this can never be done, even once, with impunity.

11. The less a man drinks of any thing in hot weather the better, for the more we drink the more we want to drink, until even ice-water palls and becomes of a metallic taste; hence the longer you can put off drinking cold water on the morning of a hot day, the better you will feel at night.

12. Drinking largely at meals, even of cold water or simple teas, is a mere habit, and is always hurtful. No one should drink at any one meal more than a quarter of a pint of any liquor, even of cold water, for it always retards, and interferes with a healthful digestion.

THE Saturday Journal

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JUNE 25, 1870.

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One year, 2.50
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Contributors and Correspondents.

Can use poem "HONEST, UPRIGHT, TRUE,"—"MAN'S AMBITION" by same writer we do not regard as up to the standard of excellence demanded for an essay.

"THE INCENDIARY," "THE BROKEN HEARTED," and "THE BRIDE," by Major W. H. S., we shall not use. No stamps for return.

"TRIED AND TRUE" is not available. It is imperfect as a manuscript, and as to story has nothing in it that can be deemed original. No stamps.

Poem "MAGGIE WILL SOON BE FORGOTTEN" is crude, and hardly worthy of publication.

MSS. "IDA" and "MY BELLE" we do not find available. The latter is not entirely original—the same idea has been better expressed by Tom Hood. To use an *Irishism*. The author should learn how to write before he attempts to write!

"UNCLE PHIL'S" contributions are not particularly desirable, and "PINE HOLLER" must find some more impressive mode of expressing its sentiments than by bad spelling.

Can not use contributions by Warren St. C. They are too young. The author has good promise in him.

Poems by Henry C. K. are immature. The writer has taste but not skill. The poem "MARY" is, probably, not the work of his hand. It is far too good and perfect. We give it. Will some of our readers tell us whence it was taken?

Sweet as the music of some gentle lute,
Borne on the air at midnight's silent hour,
When all is still, and every lip is mute,
And music has a captivating power,
Was the strain that broke upon my ear,
And filled my bosom with its captivating spell;
I thought 'twas borne from yonder starry sphere,
As o'er my soul its soothing cadence fell;
And whispered in a tone of holy love,
The name *Mary*, oh! what power can tell
What brought that music from the realms above.

Joseph F. M. writes *unequally*. Some of his stanzas are exceedingly well expressed and significant in poetic idea, while others are confused and weak. This is the case with the poem "SUNLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT," where the last stanza, which should be perfection of an emotional climax, is unrhymed and indecisive. We will try and give place to the poems, taking some slight liberties with the text.

"BYRON'S GENIUS DEFENDED" is excellent for an illustration of the saying that the less a man knows the more he thinks he knows. The writer has about as correct an appreciation of Byron's genius as the Woman of the Period has of the virtues of her grandmother. He has, very evidently, read Don Juan very attentively. The young man who feeds on Don Juan is not likely to have a clear vision.

J. G. La R. and all other correspondents are requested not to remit MS. in a tightly rolled package. It is simply unreadable. Always fold flat and send in an envelope of liberal size.

A Pittsburg correspondent asks if the romances "Dead Letter" and "Figure Eight" are printed in book form. They are. Send one dollar and both will be returned by mail, post-paid.

"A Brooklyn Subscriber" wants to know if it will answer for a person having the fever and ague to be a conductor on a horse-car. We should say, if the person wants to really enjoy "the shakes" the horse-car is a very good place to shake in. The idea that these horse-car conductors are "no great shakes" might undergo a change if our subscriber would assume the badge.

Annie G. B. writes that she is greatly annoyed by a wart on her left cheek and asks how she can get rid of it—the wart and not the cheek. Let some nice young fellow with a "sweet mustache" try the power of his lips on it, say six times a week; or, if Annie is unwilling to endure the pain of such an operation, let her try this, a Frenchman's recipe: "Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie it on it, or, if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns."

"OUR JOHNNY" writes *promisingly*, in the humorous vein. A few years of experience will be necessary to him for success. Let him write, not too much but with all care, and profit by experience and good instruction in the art of composition. His "REPORTER'S TROUBLES" is not good enough for use. For "WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW" we will try and find a corner. The other MS. is destroyed.

"TIS STRANGE, 'TIS PASSING STRANGE" is very crude and not available. MS. destroyed. Ditto MS. "NARROW ESCAPE"—Ditto, "YOUTHFUL DAYS." MS. returned as per order and money inclosed. The author is wasting time and money in sending such things to publishers—Essay "WOMAN'S GOODNESS" is hardly equal to the author's previous efforts—probably because he knew less of his subject! He will know more of woman when he is a few years older.

Will use the poem by Lillie Sunshine. If the young lady wishes to "try her hand" on a story we will be glad to have her do so. The poem she incloses is very good indeed, and if "an early effort," gives fine promise for the writer's future.

Essay "PRECOCIOUS YOUNG AMERICA" we will try and find place for.

Charles E. M. Can not use poems. They are not of that distinctive merit which we demand in such contributions. MS. not preserved.

Foolscap Papers.

My Fenian Expedition.

HAVING had many fair promises made me by the leaders of the late Fenian movement if I would organize a regiment and proceed to the seat of war, which was getting very uneasy to sit on, I proceeded to do so. Among the inducements held out, besides the glory, was that I should have possession of the palace of the Queen, a share in the division of the Bank of England, and a crown-Prince to black my boots. Such liberal offers could, in no manner, be refused, and in fifteen minutes the regiment was organized. It consisted of four brave warriors—myself being Colonel; Phelim O'Rourke, Lt.-Col.; Patrick Donovan, Major; and Larry Finnigan, Captain. We had no men in the ranks, as no member of the Irish Republic could ever stoop so low as to be private.

I bound my father's sword (which he faithfully used during the Revolution to cut pumpkins) around me with a piece of string, formed my officers in a line, and marched to the train, and arrived safely at St. Albans, where arms were provided.

Our artillery consisted of one 12-pound club, borne by O'Rourke. One rifle, with the lock gone, but having splendid sights, carried by Donovan, and one seven-shooter revolver, with the cylinder lost, carried by Finnigan.

Having spent the last forty cents that remained in the treasury of the Regiment for Liberty—to drink something out of a tumbler, I led the regiment out in four columns, and in splendid order, with the exception that the officers persisted in carrying their arms according to the *Hod* tactics and not according to Hoyle. We met with no opposition, except a saloon on the road, and climbed over the Line, coming to a rest on the other side, with great unanimity of sentiment, for the regiment was well drilled to the Rest.

As the warrior patriots sat there on the rail-fence I untied my trusty sword and addressed them thus:

Brothers: We stand to-day upon the hostile soil of her most excellent majesty, the Queen of England and the honorable John Q. Bull. We are sons of our fathers, and as such we do not dare to be slaves. Strike while the last armed foe expires! or, if convenient, do so before he expires. Conquer or bust since our cause it is just. And now let us walk on and strike a blow that shall shake London like the ague, and it requires to be shaken before taken.

Here I clinched the speech by striking my sword against a stump, which bent it short off, and one fellow jumped down and said he was mighty hungry, and wanted to know where the quartermaster was. I told him in tones of personal thunder that I was master of all the quarter that would ever be asked by this regiment, and immediately ordered a forward movement, saying if we should meet the enemy we would bottle them up and label them, and then, lest we might meet somebody we didn't want to, we struck across back lots and fields, and shortly were confronted by a masked battery which consisted of one brass-collared 140-pound dog, which belched forth volumes of deadly howls. It received a fire of three brick-bats from the left wing of the regiment, and then charged. Donovan's rifle didn't go off quite as soon as he did, and we all followed suit for a fence, so we could take a better view of the existing state of affairs, or affairs of State.

We had no more than got firmly entrenched on the fence than O'Rourke was stunned in the southern portion of his back by a skillet, and he was found mortally scared; then, immediately afterward a heavy fire opened from the rear door of a kitchen, and there were great explosions of crockery all around us. Seeing our situation, I ordered the patriots to save themselves and never mind me—for I was able to take care of myself. I led them to a hospitable pig-pen, and there we bivouacked as night closed in upon the potato-field of battle. When the dawn of another day kindled its fire on the crests of the distant hills, and the rooster's shrill clarion waked us from our dreams of heroism, we found the pig-pen was locked on the outside, and the chances for our escape were exceedingly small, unless we could turn ourselves into spiders; however, we cut loopholes, and determined to hold out to the last—which looked very much like it would come first.

We had plenty of bullets but no powder. In spite of this I knew that I could kill every one who would come close enough and let me cut his head off with my trenchant blade.

Pretty soon hostilities began in the enemy's camp by a forward movement of chamber-maids, armed with buckets full of hot water, but being used to this kind of warfare at home we were not alarmed; then we saw a fellow come out of the house with a bottle in each hand, which sight so inspired O'Rourke and Donovan with the spirit of ten thousand battles that they made one lunge against the door, which gave way, and in three seconds the man was captured, when to their infinite disgust they found the bottles were unloaded. This circumstance of war had a very depressing effect on the cause of Ireland, and loud dissatisfaction was heard among the officers, and complaints that after they had overrun all the country they had

run over, they had not been there in time to shed the last drop that those bottles had held. At this juncture drums were heard, and the Canadian militia were seen coming down on four sides armed with fire-crackers, squirt-guns and squibs, and they opened such a murder-us bombardment that it looked for a short time like somebody would get hurt. We formed into a solid square to withstand any heavy charge they might make for us being there. The rattling of crackers and teeth was alarming. Blood flowed like water in our veins. At one time O'Rourke broke ranks and jumped into a friendly barrel, which proved to be full of swill, and it was with difficulty that he was saved. Soon a terrific explosion, caused by Donovan tramping on a paper of torpedoes, shook the earth. We thought the die was cast and our die was close at hand. Queen Victoria, too, felt very much alarmed for the safety of her throne, as it depended on the issue of this battle. Each one of us fought desperately, mowing down whole columns—in imagination, until at length they made a furious charge with a dray and carried us off to a safe place inside the jail.

Twenty Canadians were found on the field dead—*rank*. I was wounded in the left coat-tail, and had my hopes severely shattered.

We are quite safe here for the time being, but the Canadians have the key, and there has been some talk of making swinging signs of us.

The expedition has not failed, it has only been unfortunate.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

P. S.—Please inform Congress where I am.

ONLY A KISS.

ONLY a kiss—that is all. But it is what I received the other day, and from a young lady, too! Just think of that, reader! Now, perhaps some who have read a late article in the JOURNAL, on "Bashfulness," will think that I have conquered that feeling. But not so: I am as bashful as ever. But, my dear reader, when you are going from home, leaving behind friends and companions of your school-boy days, and remember what delightful times you used to have; when you leave behind you those who have watched over you in your infancy, can you help doing otherwise than kiss them? No.

Only a kiss! But how it thrills you with pleasure when you receive it from the lips of a young lady (providing you are a young gentleman). If you are a young lady is it not a pleasure to receive a kiss from him whom you love? I need not ask: if you are a true woman you will answer yes; if you are one who thinks of nothing but trying to make yourself look attractive by means of paint and dress, I expect nothing but a scornful toss of the head.

Only a kiss! Do mothers when they impress the farewell kiss upon the lips of their children, think how much happier they feel? Take the mother who neglects to kiss her children before they leave home or retire for the night, you in most cases find that they do not grow up to be loving as the children of those who never neglect to bid them adieu with a farewell kiss. Mother, never forget this. Kiss your children—no matter where they may be going—it may be the last time. Perhaps it will be taken off when you little expect it; therefore kiss while you have the opportunity. It was only a kiss I gave her, reader, and it was one which I shall never forget. There is nothing wrong in kissing, as I see, let old fogies say what they may.

QUILL QUILLBERSON.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

BALLADS are the first fruits of poetry, and in such we find the first records of history. Heroic deeds and local events being commemorated therein, that the recollection thereof might be the easier. Ballads are therefore a very common form of poetry, and some of the finest poetry is to be found in such; though of course ballad poetry is of an individual character, and has a standpoint of its own.

To write a good ballad is more difficult than may at first be supposed: to give it the "ring," without which it loses half its charm, and much of its effect, may be acquired by reading others, such as Macaulay or Aytoun, two of the finest ballad writers that we know. But, independent of the "ring," which should characterize a good ballad, the beauties of description should be freely interspersed to vary the nature of the poem. The surroundings and landscape of a spot, where certain conversations and events take place, are generally minutely described in good ballads, without of course its being absolutely necessary, but coming in well as food for the imagination, and variety in the narrative.

There should be no *superfluous* words and phrases in a ballad: every word should tell. *Simplicity* of expression should stamp every line, and give it that charm which it would not otherwise have. Of course there is some degree of liberty allowed in the language, when the ballad is written on a humorous subject, when one is less tied down, than he would otherwise be. But while simplicity of language should be aimed at, we do not mean to say that prosy expressions should be allowed to creep in, or words which, from being in daily use, are too much used to produce any satisfaction to the reader, who shrinks as it were, from too commonplace expression of idea. Instances might be multi-

plied to show this, but a moment's consideration will convince you of the truth of the remark, without filling up paper with examples.

A ballad may also be too homely, which is the case with that of Wordsworth entitled "Alice Fell," which is, besides, somewhat laughable in subject, telling of a little girl, who nearly broke her heart over a "wretched rag," and then of her joy at receiving a new cloak in its place; showing how easily the grief, which the poet so ridiculously exaggerates, was not of so severe a nature, as that a new and better cloak could not turn it to *instantaneous* joy—a ballad which suffered under the critical process of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Such subjects should be shunned clear of, for the very good reason, that it can give no pleasure to the reader to peruse such.

For the good of young writers, who would wish to read the best ballads extant, and aim at writing them, we give the following, with their several authors. "Horatius on the Bridge," by Macaulay; "The Stand of the Scots," by Aytoun; "Bernardo Del Carpio," by Mrs. Hemans (a ballad of great pathos, and at the same time one of the finest in the language); or Lockhart's translations of the Spanish ballads, and that grand old ballad "Chevy Chase" and the "Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. These should be well studied by those who aspire to ballad-writing, and read by all. Macaulay perhaps stands first, owing to the good and original material he chose to work on. Proper attention to such models, combined with due care in writing, will greatly aid any one who has a taste for such composition, remembering this, that the more *Saxon* your language is the better; and that in a ballad all should be life and fire, without any *high-flown* diction, which is utterly out of place. EXCELSIOR.

DID SHE LOVE ME?

"Now, George, I know she loves you—what is the use in your thinking that she does not?" said Fred Fixton, my boon companion, to me one day, while we were taking a stroll through the woods. I had become acquainted with a beautiful young lady—Anna Penton—while upon my summer vacation the year before. Beautiful did I say? Ay, no words can express that beauty. I loved her; but I was uncertain whether she loved me. I was a very bashful young fellow, and could not make up my mind to ask her that summer, so I returned to the city, but was determined to ask her the next summer. My friend, Fred, had accompanied me this time, and as he was a jolly good fellow, and made light of every thing, he gave me great courage in many things I would have left undone if it had not been for him.

"Perhaps you are right, Fred," replied I, "but I am not sure. There are times when she seems very cool to me, and does not have much to say; and then again she is lively and witty."

"And is it possible that you do not know what this change indicates?" asked Fred.

"Yes, I am very sorry to say that it is a great mystery to me. Can you solve it?"

Fred, with a good-natured smile upon his face, said:

"George Rogers, you little know what these sudden changes are; you little know what that apparently cool expression on Anna's face means; you little know what her lively and witty times are for—do you wish me to explain them to you?"

"By all means—by all means—I'll be a very attentive listener, I assure you," said I.

And with another smile—like a smile all good, honest fellows have, he resumed:

"That expression which you call cool, is no more or less than that she loves you, and is afraid you do not love her. Not a cool expression, but a sad one instead—you did not read that face aright. I have noticed her, ever since I have been here. When she is lively and witty, then is the time when she wishes you to know that she loves you. As you have probably noticed, when you do any little favor for her, she is always light-hearted and gay. Now depend upon it, George, you are the only one she loves."

"Fred Fixton, I believe you are right. I will try this very night ask Anna if she will become my wife. She will be a good one, too—none of your foolish little laced-up, half-grown young ladies, but a good, sensible little woman," I replied with much enthusiasm.

Having walked about far enough for that afternoon, we returned home, and what a light and happy heart I had!

Evening came! A beautiful, moonlight evening, too! Do our fathers and mothers remember those beautiful moonlight evenings when they were young, and—*loved*? How can they forget them? *Impossible*!

Anna! beautiful Anna! Did she ever look more handsome than upon that evening? Not to my knowledge, no! Shall ever I forget it, when I asked her to become my wife? when she with tears of joy answered, "Yes, dear George, I will; I have always loved you, and many, many a time have I thought my love for you was sought in vain?"

Six months after, in the little village church, we were married, and how often I thank my dear friend, Fred Fixton, for his kind words of encouragement. Perhaps if not for him I might now have been an old bachelor.

Remember the old maxim, "A faint heart never won a fair lady," and it is true. NED HARTE.

HONEST, UPRIGHT, TRUE

Whatever may be your earthly lot
Whatever you chance to do,
Remember this, forget it not,
Be honest, upright, true.

If in life you wish to prosper,
Take this message, 'tis for you,
Engrave upon your heart the motto,
"Strictly honest, upright, true."

If in business you would flourish,
Take advice that's given you;
But above the rest remember
To be honest, upright, true.

If within the household circle
You'd obtain respect and love,
Speak the truth, and act upon it;
Truthful deeds their worth will prove.

You have friends and fellow kindred,
Some are very dear to you—
Do you love them with a feeling
That is honest, upright, true?

Learn it then and act upon it,
You the day will never rue
When you learned the simple motto,
Always honest, upright, true.

City Life Sketches.

OLD JOE, The Licensed Vender.

BY AGILE PENNE.

A bright, pleasant afternoon in May. At the window of a stately brick house on Third avenue, in New York City, stood a middle-aged man and a pretty young girl, looking out upon the street.

The man was known as Lemuel Archer. He was a retired Western merchant. The girl was called Lillian, and she was the only child of the retired merchant. She was strangely unlike her father in looks, for her eyes and hair were jet-black, while his hair was light-yellow in hue, and his eyes were a gray-blue.

As the two stood looking out upon the avenue their attention was attracted by an odd-looking old man—a Licensed Vender, who, sitting upon a dilapidated wagon, was slowly coming up the street vending his wares.

"See, father," said Lillian, as the wagon halted opposite the house, "this strange-looking man."

Archer looked in the direction indicated by the outstretched finger of the girl.

He saw a man, probably of sixty, his hair white as snow and his eyes black as a coal. Deep lines furrowed his face; the heavy hands of care and sorrow had evidently traced the tell-tale marks. Yet in form the old man did not show the traces of age, for his figure was as straight as the pine tree.

"Yes, he is a singular-looking man," said the merchant, after gazing for a moment on the Licensed Vender.

"Poor old man!" cried Lillian, impulsively, her heart warming toward the white-haired stranger; "he looks as if he had seen a great deal of sorrow."

Then the Licensed Vender chanced to glance up at the window. His eyes fell upon the face of the merchant, and then a strange expression came over his features. He gazed at the window earnestly for a moment, then he called to the boy who was with him, and after saying a few words to him, he got down from the wagon and came slowly toward the house.

"Why, he is coming here, father," said the girl, in surprise.

"Probably to ask if we wish to buy any thing," observed Archer.

"Oh, do buy something, father!" cried Lillian, "he does look so poor."

The old man came straight up the steps to the front door. His eyes fell upon the door-plate.

"Archer," he muttered; "that isn't the name. Can I be mistaken? No. It is the man I want. I'd swear to his face among a thousand. Time has not altered him as much as it has me."

Then he pulled the door-bell. The servant answered it and the Licensed Vender asked to see the gentleman of the house on particular business.

Archer, though somewhat astonished at the request, for he could not conceive what possible business the old man could have with him, ordered him into the room.

When the old man entered the parlor Lillian withdrew into the inner room.

The merchant, now that he had a good view of the face of the Licensed Vender, apparently saw something therein to puzzle him, for a slight cloud came over his brow and he gazed upon the features of the old man long and earnestly.

At last Archer spoke.

"You wish to see me, sir?" he asked.

"Are you Mr. Archer?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" There was a peculiar sound in the tone of the Licensed Vender as he uttered the single exclamation, that grated harshly on the ear of the merchant.

"Your business, sir," Archer said, a little impatiently.

"Certainly," replied the old man. "I beg your pardon if I sit down, for I've got a long story to tell." Then the Licensed Vender coolly helped himself to a chair.

A frown came upon the face of Archer, but he did not speak but simply sat down and waited for his odd visitor to state his business.

"To begin at the beginning, I must tell you a little story."

"Sir!" said Archer, in astonishment.

"Let me go on," the Licensed Vender said, quietly, and with a strange smile on his worn and battered features. "My story begins just twenty years ago. In a certain store on the lower part of Broadway, there were two clerks. Both young men; both about the same age and apparently fast friends. I say apparently, for one of the young clerks was far from being a friend to the other, as my story will show. These two young men fell in love with the same girl; of course but one could win her; that one she married. After the marriage, the two young men were, apparently, as fast friends as ever. By the way, I may as well give these two men names, or probably you will not be able to understand my story. One—the husband—was called Joseph Kingston. The other—the disappointed lover—was called Algernon Stuart."

Archer could not repress a slight start when these names fell upon his ear.

"What has this to do with me, sir?" he said, impatiently.

"Wait and listen—you will soon learn," said the old man, coldly.

Again the cloud came over Archer's brow; again he looked searchingly in the old man's face.

"A year or so after Kingston's marriage, he became the happy father of a baby girl. She was named Lillian," said the Licensed Vender.

Again Archer started, and surveyed the stranger with a look of wonder.

"When his child was about a year old, one night Kingston and Stuart went to a political meeting. After the meeting they became involved in a street brawl. In the brawl a man was killed—stabbed to the heart by a knife in the hand of Stuart. The knife was one that he had borrowed from Kingston that very afternoon. Kingston was arrested for the murder; it was traced to him directly, for his knife, bearing his full name, had remained in the body of the murdered man. Stuart visited Kingston in his prison, employed him to keep silent for a few days to give him, Stuart, time to fly the country, and he promised to leave behind him in a friend's hand a full confession of all the circumstances attending the murder.

Kingston was a true and loyal friend. He remained silent and did not accuse his companion. Stuart disappeared, but did not leave a confession of his guilt. Kingston was tried—convicted and sent to the State prison for ten years. He suffered for the crime of his friend.

"Now we take a jump forward for ten years. Many things happened in that time. Kingston's wife, who was but a foolish girl, that had married without really loving the man she had married, procured a divorce from the criminal, who in Sing Sing prison was cursing the hour when he put trust in the false friend who had betrayed him. The wife married again, and whom do you suppose she married?"

Archer winced at the question, but replied not.

"You can't guess—I thought not," said the old man, bitterly. "Why she married Algernon Stuart, the man for whose crime Kingston was giving all his young life away. In his cell at Sing Sing, the discarded husband heard of the marriage of the woman, who had sworn at the altar's side to love, honor and obey him, to the false friend that had betrayed him. Then in the darkness of his prison he swore a fearful oath that if he was ever again let loose upon the world, he would have ample and complete vengeance for the wrong that had been done him.

Archer shivered slightly and let his look fall from the face of the old man to the carpet.

"As I have said, ten years passed away—slowly they went, one by one," continued the Licensed Vender. "At first, Kingston counted the years, then he counted the months, and finally he counted the hours that were between him and freedom. And as the time came on that would give him back again to the world—that for ten years had been barred from his sight—the desire for vengeance grew stronger and stronger. In the solitude of his prison cell, he had sworn to kill the man who had stolen ten years of his life and the woman of his heart.

"At last the day came that gave him back again to the world a free man. He left the prison with but one wish, one thought, and that was vengeance. He came instantly to New York. He was no longer a young man; ten years of prison life had lined his face, and his hair that was once as glossy black as the raven's wing, was now as white as snow. He was changed in every thing save in his one great desire for vengeance. That was as strong when he left the prison walls as when in the gloom of his cell he had sworn to kill the man who had wronged him. But his desire for vengeance was baffled. He could find no trace of the false friend, Algernon Stuart, or of Ellen, the wife who had deserted him when the clouds of misfortune came around him. Stuart had fled to parts unknown, and with him he had also taken the child of Kingston, the girl Lillian. All efforts on the part of the wronged man to discover traces of the man who had wronged him were fruitless, and at last he gave up the chase."

"Well, sir, what has this to do with me?" asked the merchant, evidently ill at ease.

"The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine," said the old man, with a bitter laugh, that rung discordantly in the ears of Archer. "It is a saying full of truth. The vengeance that Joseph Kingston sought for, nearly ten years ago, and which eluded his grasp, has been placed within his hands at last. Providence does not ordain that the guilty shall go unpunished. Joseph Kingston, the man that came out of Sing Sing prison, broken in spirit and constitution, has lived his life out for these years for one purpose only—vengeance. By the way, I haven't introduced myself, have I?" and the old man rose with mock politeness. "The world calls me 'Old Joe, the Licensed Vender,' but years ago, I was called 'Joseph Kingston.'"

"I feel sorry for your misfortunes, Mr. Kingston," said the merchant, with pale lips, "but I do not see any way in which I can be of service to you."

"I have changed a great deal in twenty years," said the old man, with a glance of fire, "so have you, but I knew you the moment my eyes fell upon your face. I never closed my eyes for ten long years in the darkness of my cell but I saw your face; do you think that I could forget you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Archer, rising in alarm.

"That you are my foe! You are Algernon Stuart, though you call yourself Archer. You are the false friend who gave me ten years of prison life—who robbed me of my wife and child—stole all from me and made my life a hell. Your hour has come—prepare to die."

Then with a bound, like a panther springing upon its prey, Kingston leaped upon Stuart and bore him backward to the floor.

Vainly the merchant struggled against the iron strength of his foe. A knife gleamed before his eyes.

"Remember Ellen and my child that you stole from me!" cried Kingston, as he raised his arm to strike.

Unable to cry for help, for a hand of iron clutched him by the throat, Stuart felt that he was lost.

"Oh, father, do not kill him!" cried a girlish voice by the side of the struggling men.

Kingston looked up, and in the face of the girl he saw the likeness to his own. He took his hand from the throat of his foe.

"Speak!" he cried, "as you hope for mercy hereafter, is this my child—my Lillian?"

"Yes," gasped the prostrate man.

"For my sake, father, do not harm him!"

pleaded the girl. In the inner room she had heard all.

Kingston sprang to his feet and folded his child to his heart.

Stuart rose slowly, put his hand to his head as if in pain, then with a groan sunk to the floor. The crimson stream that trickled from his mouth told of death. He had burst a blood-vessel and escaped earthly vengeance.

Lillian found herself the heir to all of the dead man's property.

Kingston did not long survive his foe. One little week, and "Old Joe, the Licensed Vender," found a home in Greenwood's silent city. Wronged and wronger had gone to their last account.

After Many Days.

BY FANNY ELLIOT.

"No, Clarice, you must give up everything, or nothing. I will never marry the woman whose love will not include perfect, unreserved confidence."

Frank Irving stood by the tastefully ornamented mantel, his elbow leaning on its marble surface, his fine head resting against his hand. He was looking straight at Clarice Conway, who, bending over an exquisite Afghan her deft fingers were fashioning, was flushing to an angry red.

"But you are dreadfully unreasonable, Frank! As if I was compelled to give you the why and wherefore of every act I performed."

Frank still kept his tender, grave eyes on his betrothed's fair face.

"No, Clarice. You misunderstand me. I do not desire to preserve any such espionage on your conduct; nor do I intend to do so. Yet, when a rumor like this comes directly to me, what can I do but tell you and request an explanation?"

His tones were cool, calm and kind, while Clarice grew more vexed with every word, until she threw aside her zephas and needles, and angrily walked up to him.

"What could you do? Why, I'll tell you. You might have been gentleman enough to have denied it, point blank, in the first place. In the second instance you could have politely asked me what it all meant; but, instead, you pounce down on me, and demand an explanation! No, Frank Irving, I am not the person to be coerced into anything!"

And her flashing black eyes, and the quick, restless tapping of her tiny gaitered foot, bespoke it.

His face grew stern and dark, while she spoke.

"Clarice, you, my betrothed wife, are the first person that ever called in question my right to the title of a gentleman. I can overlook it, however, because you are so angry you did not mean what you said."

Clarice's eyes fairly snapped.

"What, I not conscious of what I said? I'll prove I know what I am about. Here, Frank Irving, take the signet you gave me for a love-gauge, but which I see now to have been intended as a fetter from a tyrant! Go, and allow me to thank you for a slight glimpse of the cloven foot that has been the means of saving me from the fate of being your slave."

She was fearfully enraged, and had drawn off the ring, holding it toward him.

Without a word he accepted it, and bowed.

Clarice turned haughtily away, and when, after she had resumed her seat, she looked again to the place where he had stood, it was vacant.

For a second her heart stood still, as the truth flashed over her with all its force. Frank was gone, in anger, perhaps forever!

A sob burst from her wrought-up breast; then she turned to her work, sternly, almost defiantly.

"I don't care; he'll be back before a week. I'll teach him one good lesson."

The mellow autumn days had melted away from the earth, and winter had given place to sunny-skied spring. The weeks had passed, each as the other, every hour laden with joy or sadness, hope or despair; and to the Mossburgers the balmy April days were bringing a delightful bit of gossip.

The splendid mansion on the valley road was sold—sold to young Doctor Irving, the popular, skillful, handsome physician, who could count a fair girl's pulse while his dark, dangerous eyes played sad havoc with her heart.

Everybody in the village liked him, and since the sudden breaking off of the flirtation between him and proud Clarice Conway, the eligible portion of the community were frequently obliged to leave personal orders at his office for him to call to see grandma, or prescribe a remedy for "pa's" head, that ached so much this listless spring weather.

Many a bright-eyed girl rode beside the handsome young doctor, and many a heart

beat faster at the sound of his quick tread coming to their doors; and now, when he had actually bought the Warren property, everybody wondered who would be the mistress over the splendid place.

Load after load of costly furniture was carted from the depot; crimson velvet and walnut for the parlor, green damask and walnut for the office; a beautiful dining-room suit of oak brown; several bedroom suits of enviable splendor; mirrors, silver, china, carpets, and a Steinway grand, in company with a beautiful cottage organ.

But, after several weeks, the bustle was over, and all that inquiring eyes could see was the soft lace curtain, and the open vestibale, with its checked marble floor, and inside walnut doors.

And then, who was to be the bride?

"Clarice, will you read it?"

Minnie Merton's sweet voice was accompanied by a delicious little blush as she handed an open letter across the table to Clarice Conway.

You'd hardly have known her, so worn and wan she looked. Her eyes, once so merry and bright, were full of a pitiful wistfulness, and a pained look ever hovered around her lips.

She was a different woman, this haughty Clarice Conway, from the day she had driven her lover from her in a moment of wrath; and, though the days went on, and the weeks changed to months, he had never come near. But, now that pretty, petite Minnie Merton had come from the city to spend the summer, the young doctor had called; he had called often, and on the sunny afternoon that the fair-haired girl handed the letter for Clarice to read, he had been to see her a score of times.

Already the village gossips had begun to surmise; and even Clarice, poor, suffering Clarice, tried to accept the pitiful truth thrust so rudely upon her, and consider Minnie the betrothed of one she loved better than life.

"Clarice, you've not answered me. Won't you read this, please?"

"It's from Doctor Irving?"

She tried to speak carelessly, indifferently, but her voice trembled in spite of her, as she extended a cold hand for the missive.

"Of course, and Clarice, dear, if I only dared tell you how much I love him—oh, Clarice, you never can begin to guess how much."

Clarice's heart gave a fearful spasm of agony. Could not she guess? Ah, the bit-

"There," suddenly exclaimed Minnie, darting from her chair, "I have a message for your cook, Frank. Will I find her downstairs?"

"I presume so; can't I ring?"

"No. I can find her. I'll be back in a moment."

Off she sprang, and left Frank alone with Clarice.

The moment the door closed, Frank walked straight to his favorite place, the mantelpiece. Before him, pale and weary, her hat and wrap thrown aside, sat Clarice.

"I have often pictured this scene, Clarice."

Doctor Irving spoke softly, tenderly, and she sprang up in amazement.

"No, don't run away and leave me, Clarice. I have brought you to my home to keep you. Won't you stay, Clarice, forever? I can't spare you. Oh! I've hungered so for you these long, long weeks! I was cross and cruel; can you forgive me, darling?"

Gradually a glorious light had dawned in Clarice's eyes, and she lay back in the chair in a speechless ecstasy of bliss. Frank saw it, and stooping over, kissed her.

"I was hasty, dearest; so were you. I ought not to have believed the report of your flirting with Captain Clayton, but I can read in those dear eyes you've forgiven me. Will you kiss and renew the engagement, Clarice?"

"But, Minnie?" she whispered.

"That was part of my plan, the more thoroughly to surprise you. Minnie is the wife of my brother—Doctor Hal Irving."

A smile broke over her pale face.

"Oh, Frank, I am repaid for all the suffering."

The Shadowed Heart:

OR,

THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF THE "IRON MASK," "SCARLET ORCHID," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE COTTAGE.

GEORGE CASSELMAINE had been brought to the Grange again in Doctor Elverton's easiest carriage. Mrs. Elverton hovered solicitously about the lounge whereon he lay, which the doctor had insisted should be wheeled to the pleasant spot in whichever

most efficient attendant during your convalescence, Mr. Casselmaine."

"She deserves credit, certainly; but her services were in no wise preferable to that of the first nurse into whose hands I fell."

George had an excuse for reading her face again, which he did, filled with a strange joy as he noted the flush on her cheeks.

"Tell me all about it," he continued. "It is a pleasant incident to me. Indeed, I almost wish the affair would transpire again."

"There is very little to tell, indeed, except that Mr. Trevlyn brought you into the house, and I came, with Hetty, to the rescue. Miss Maude and Miss Joyce returned with Mr. Trevlyn for the surgeon."

A new light shone in his eyes, and he asked, almost eagerly, if Maude did not remain a while at least?

"She stayed until her further services were unnecessary. She was very kind, indeed, Mr. Casselmaine, and insisted on having you taken immediately to the Grange."

"And who demurred, Miss Ida?"

With more than friendly kindness he leaned near her, awaiting her answer.

"Mr. Trevlyn objected most decidedly, and I was only too glad to have you remain here."

The slight frown on his brow when she began to speak, cleared away at her last words.

"Then, although you dared not demand that my safety required me to go no further, you were pleased when it was decided I should tarry with you?"

His dark, earnest eyes were looking straight at hers.

"Yes, I was glad, and I am glad still."

Her heart throbbed as she made this bold answer, and Casselmaine's beat faster when he replied:

"Thanks, Ida; now I know we are friends indeed."

He pressed her little hand caressingly. Ida's pulse bounded wildly. He had called her "Ida"; he had held her hand. Surely he did like her a little; and the warm flush of joy lighted her eyes, and rendered her more beautiful than ever.

And George Casselmaine, as he watched the emotions of her mobile countenance, grew momentarily to loving her more and more. But, while he chided himself for the love he knew he was cherishing where another should have been encouraged, he excused himself with the thought that he was strong enough to burst the fetters when the proper time of decision came.

So Ida, in the warmth and fullness of her heart, allowed her affections to twine about him.

They were sitting by the window, both silent. Ida gazing abstractedly beyond the little garden, and George watching her. Suddenly she seemed to pale, then uttered a little cry.

"What is it that frightens you?"

Casselmaine sprang from his seat, and looked anxiously out.

A faint smile played over her lips as she answered:

"Nothing, nothing, I assure you. I am very foolish, very silly. You will think I am affecting airs."

She laughed as she spoke, but the pallor of her face did not escape his eye.

"You are miserable," he returned, gravely. "Some object has passed the window that fills you with alarm or horror. I am your friend, Ida. Will you not tell me?"

"I have nothing to tell, Mr. Casselmaine. Indeed I am very silly, and that will surely content you."

She looked laughingly from her bright eyes, and the brilliant carmine returned to her lips again.

"A special admirer of yours passed at the moment you spoke, Mr. Casselmaine; perhaps a sight of her terrified me."

"An admirer of mine, Ida? who, pray?"

He glanced anxiously down the road at the carriage that was nearly out of sight. It was not the Grange carriage, and he breathed freer. What would the Elvertons say to see him, their daughter's betrothed, in such a place in company with the poor girl of Rose Cottage?

"Helen Joyce," she answered, darting a merry glance at him, yet watching its effect.

His lip curled contemptuously; then he suddenly caught Ida's hands.

"Look at me a moment. Do you think I like that woman?"

His dark eyes were steadily searching her own; but she answered lightly:

"How am I supposed to know? She is a very fine young lady, they say."

He flung her hands away, and then threw himself down in the rocking-chair.

"Ida Tressel, you are a curious girl."

"Why so? Didn't I answer you correctly?"

"Did you answer me at all? Didn't you ask me another question?"

Ida's gay laugh rung out on the cool autumn air.

"Oh, sir, I verily believe you are in love with Helen Joyce, and are afraid she may hear of it. But, indeed, I will not tell her."

She regretted her careless speech the moment she uttered it, for with flashing eyes he arose and confronted her.

"You know that Miss Joyce has no particular attraction for me."

"I spoke thoughtlessly; pardon me, and let us be friends again."

The sweet persuasiveness of her voice subdued him, and he extended his hand.

"Pardon me, Ida. And now let my host should consider me remiss in staying so long away, I must return. But promise me I may come again."

"Yes, come again. Rose Cottage will ever open a welcoming door to you."

"And its sweet mistress a welcoming hand?"

He had almost said "heart," but she did not know it.

He bowed, and left the house, and Ida gazed wistfully after him until he was lost to view.

CHAPTER XI.

A WIFE'S LOVE.

THE elegant mansion on Arch street was a blaze of light. Its haughty mistress detested darkness and gloom, and for a few days past her imperious edict had been issued to the well-trained, respectful servants that as soon as the first night-shadows deepened, every room should be brilliantly illuminated.

Through the lace-curtained windows might be seen the fairy scene within, the long suites forming one blazing sea of light, gold, crystal. The furniture was surpassing beautiful in its golden and satin elegance; the tables were of rich inlaid wood, the cabinets of *verde antique*. The paintings were most exquisite, the statuary the rarest, the



AFTER MANY DAYS.

numberless little articles of *virtu* the costliest that decorated any residence far or near. And amid all this luxury the lone woman, who was mistress of it all, stood, clad in robes of magnificence, defiantly proud and fascinating.

Clare Trevlyn had been deeply wounded when her husband came to her, on that evening when we introduced her, and her heart still quivered from the fierce blows Frederic Trevlyn had struck. But she had resolved to pursue her own course, and now she smiled sternly at her lovely face in the mirror, as she thought over her plans.

She stepped to the speaking-tube.

"Send Esther to me."

Her melodious voice echoed down the long distance, and in a moment a low tap answered her.

In obedience to the silence which followed, a sign of Mrs. Trevlyn's that she was ready to receive her servants into her presence, the door opened, and the woman summoned entered.

She was a fleshy, good-looking, amiable, harmless-looking woman, whose black silk dress and neat lace cap bespoke her of the higher order of servants. And indeed she was, as the conversation between lady and maid proved.

"Close the door and turn the key, Esther."

"I desire to talk on private and important matters, which no one living must know but you and I. You understand?"

Mrs. Trevlyn nodded questioningly.

"I do comprehend, exactly. I am to hear every thing, yet know nothing."

Esther understood her ground well.

"Precisely; we have shared many a secret, Esther, before I was Mrs. Trevlyn, and you plain Esther Waring—the rich Mrs. Trevlyn's housekeeper. You remember those early, happy days, I suppose?"

"Indeed, I do; and all too well. How the proud, handsome gentleman came riding to the tumble-down cottage to court you!"

Esther's face clouded over as she spoke.

"He was handsome, Esther, and proud, too; and he is yet."

Mrs. Trevlyn tried to smooth the frown from her companion's brow.

"Proud and handsome he may be, yet what does his beauty count for when he treats you so shamefully?"

"Hush, Esther. I can not allow you to disparage my husband's conduct. Remember I am his wife."

There was a sweet dignity in Clare's tones that fell reprovingly on Esther's ears, but it failed to quell the storm of passion rising in her breast.

"And a pretty husband he is! Didn't he come all the way from New York to see you, and then order me up in the middle of the night to light up the blue bedroom for him, and yours, his by rights, as cozy and comfortable as possible?"

Her voice grew loud and indignant as she ended, while a flush dyed Clare's fair face.

"Do not be so severe, Esther. Mr. Trevlyn was very tired, and wished a bath before he went to sleep. You should not judge him so harshly."

Esther laughed scornfully.

"And why wasn't his wife's bedroom good enough, eh? Don't tell me, Mrs. Trevlyn, that that man cares for you; don't tell me not to judge him, when every servant in the house gossips about you two the live-long day."

"No, Esther! The girls do not mention his name, do they?"

A proud, injured look was on her face as she raised it, tearful and flushed.

"And why don't they? They're every cause to, I am sure."

Clare arose from her chair, and walked slowly to and fro, her eyes blinded by the hot tears that welled from her sad heart.

Suddenly she paused before Esther.

"To think that the time has come when Frederic and I are a byword among our servants! To think that he loves me so little as to conduct himself in such a manner, that people point at us and repeat that 'Frederic Trevlyn does not live with his wife'! Oh, Esther, it is hard to bear all this, silently and without demur! What have I ever done to merit all this agony and shame?"

She clasped her beautiful hands in an ecstasy of grief, and bowed her proud head on them.

"Sure enough, what have you done? I'll soon tell you. You've worshiped that man until you've concluded he is a god among men. You've slaved, and slaved for him, until he has grown weary of you, and now, while your love continues the same, his has waned, and in another vicinity he seeks new faces, new charms, to divert his mind."

Esther Waring spoke sharply, bitterly. When she had done, Clare raised her drooping head.

"Yes, God knows I love him, and God knows I am true to him."

Her passionate avowal made no impression on the indignant woman.

"But he insists you are disgraced and dishonored, and advises you to remain here, in seclusion and retirement, to meditate on past offenses and future punishment."

She looked triumphantly at Clare, who sat, pale and sad, like a broken lily.

"True," she responded, wearily; "true, Frederic does not believe me when I tell him I love him, and have never breathed a disloyal breath; but what must I do to convince him otherwise?"

"Do!" Esther asked, sharply, ironically.

"Why, prove yourself his abject slave by immolating yourself in this gilded cage, and humbly receiving him when he condescends to come, as a dog does its master whom he fears."

"Cease, Esther. This is wrong, heartless. I am heart-sick and spirit-sad. To you I came for advice, for comfort; for, besides you, I have none else. My husband hates me, my mother is in heaven, my baby an angel! Oh, Esther, Esther, I am very lonely! Forget I am the rich Mrs. Trevlyn; call me little Clare again, as you did when I was little! Oh, Esther, my heart is so sick!"

Scalding tears dropped from her brilliant eyes, and the woman's lip trembled at sight of her woeful, pitiful face.

"God help you, my baby Clare, for you have a heavy burden to bear on those slight shoulders."

She wound her arms about Mrs. Trevlyn's neck, and kissed her forehead.

"Esther," whispered Clare, "can't I convince Fred how innocent I am? Tell me how to win his love again! He must love me; he shall love me, for I am his wife."

"Mrs. Trevlyn, come with me a moment," and Esther took her unresisting hand, and led her to the mirror.

"See, there is a beautiful woman, who can, who shall win her husband to his rightful love."

Gradually Clare's eyes grew soft, and her mouth rippled in a sweet, rare smile. Her perfect form was displayed to its best advantage by the close-fitting, graceful robe she wore; and her beauty was heightened by the severe simplicity of her dress. The starry eyes were floating with their tearful splendor, and from their dark depths looked out a tender, proud light.

"Yes, Esther, I am beautiful, am I not?"

"Every one calls you so, and that must be true which all indorse. Mrs. Trevlyn, this beauty is your weapon; you must bring your husband to your side again."

A smile played around Clare's exquisite mouth.

"Yes, I will take advantage of it. Life, wealth, pride—all, all will I gladly sacrifice if I may once more hear my husband say, 'My darling, my wife!'"

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLING WITH SHADOWS.

SEVERAL days had elapsed since the day Frederic Trevlyn returned from Philadelphia, and, as usual, after his trips there, he shut himself closely in the Archery, receiving his meals at the hands of his valet, at the half-opened door of his private room. He had not seen any one since his return, and his face wore that stormy, anguished expression of one passing through deepest waters.

The afternoon sunlight peeped through the shutters of the sanctum, where, pale and trembling, he sat, fighting another fierce battle with himself. The gray velvet curtains hid him from view, but a listener in the adjoining room might have heard the means that burst from his hard-compressed lips.

"It is madness, yes, infinitely worse than madness! And yet, in my own strength, I am nothing. I can not—oh, I can not fight much longer against this mighty power that is dragging me down, soul and body, to ruin, desolation, and remorse! And yet I court the sweet temptation; I delight to revel in the forbidden joy. Weak, powerless wretch I am, and still, what can I do? How shall I shut the last ray of light, dazzling to eternal blindness though it be, from my weary eyes?"

He covered his face in his trembling hands, and remained silent, until the sounds of approaching horses' hoofs aroused him.

He glanced carelessly up; the least diversion was acceptable that would change the morbid train of thought into which he had fallen.

On the road, just beyond the rustic fence, two riders were approaching. One was Maude Elverson, smiling and fascinating as she looked earnestly at the gloomy house, searching for a salutation from him, little recking he was watching her from behind the closed blinds with throbbing heart and flashing eye.

Beside her rode George Casselmaine, proud, handsome, as he always was, and he, too, following the direction of Maude's glance.

"They dashed on out of sight, and Frederic Trevlyn breathed freer again."

"Thank Heaven, she does not know my secret! No, my beautiful, bewildering Maude, you little dream of the mad, wicked love I feel for you. And, although I have almost betrayed myself, I thank Heaven the fatal truth remains unspoken in my own burning soul."

He rose again, and tossing his hair from his forehead, he paced the floor in his agitation.

"It will be happiness, unalloyed bliss for the time, to listen to her voice, to hang upon her smile, to gaze into the azure depths of her pure, innocent eyes; but, oh! when the end of it all comes, as it must do, the remorse, the bitter, bitter wailings of remorse!"

His eyes wandered to the road again.

"This will never do for me! I am wasting my best days in sorrowing for what I can not help, grieving for what can not be changed. I must, engage my mind some way or other, or I shall go crazy!"

And truly, his haggard face and flashing, wild eyes reiterated his assertion.

With sudden determination, he jerked the crimson tassel by the door.

"Tell Mrs. Holcombe to come to my room a moment. I have an order for her."

The servant's exit was followed by the appearance of the portly housekeeper.

"Mrs. Holcombe, you will be exceedingly surprised, I think, when you hear that I intend remodeling the Archery, and partly refurnishing the western suite, on the second floor. Please set all the girls to work, have every room opened and aired, and made perfectly clean."

A tranquil expression had gradually crept over his weary countenance.

Mrs. Holcombe glanced toward the heavy gray velvet curtains that swept from ceiling to floor at the further end of the room.

"Not open every room, sir? Not enter that?"

She pointed to the sanctum.

"Heavens, no! I thank you, Mrs. Holcombe, for reminding me. I will attend to these two apartments myself; you may see to the others as soon as possible."

He bowed, and Mrs. Holcombe, with a kindly beam of her mother-eyes—for she loved and pitied her employer, young enough to be her son—turned to depart.

Trevlyn called her again.

"One moment, Mrs. Holcombe; make preparations for a dinner-party on Tuesday next—a dozen couples. And be so good as to send William to me."

He walked to the window and closed the shutters tightly, fastening them with the heavy iron bars that he could barely lift. Then he lowered the upper sash, and raised the under one, leaving half the window open. With the two other windows he did the same, and in the total darkness groped his way to the gas-jet, and lighted it.

This he turned far down, so that a faint twilight pervaded the apartment. For a moment he bowed his head against the marble mantel, and in his anguish unheeded words fell from his lips.

"I am building the awful barrier between me and hope, joy and love; but, I thank God, the same gulf that separates me from light and life, unites me to duty and right-doing. Maude, Maude, my heart's beloved, to-day I am endeavoring to forget you! I am endeavoring to remember another, whose name and title deserve better treatment from me than I bestow, but whose actions have widely, hopelessly divided us."

He turned wearily away from the mantel, and lifted the gray velvet curtain.

"For the last time, for the last time," he murmured.

He stepped through, and the heavy folds closed after him.

It was only a moment ere he returned.

"I have left a faint light burning, which shall never die until I do! I have looked on my treasure for the last time as the lonely master of the deserted mansion. The next time I enter my sacred retreat, I shall be known as Frederic Trevlyn, the gay, generous, hospitable host of the Archery."

He left the outer room, and after locking it, went to the open door in the hall.

"I am waiting," said William, as he appeared.

"I want you to ride to the residences of those whose names are on this list, and carry some notes."

He handed the man a list.

"While you are saddling your horse and arranging your route, I will sign the cards of invitation. In twenty minutes I will be ready."

The time had barely elapsed when Frederic appeared at the door, the envelopes in hand, while William led his horse to the carriage-block.

"Begin with the Villa, and end at the Grange," he said, as William rode off.

"It is of no consequence, but I feel as if every act I did that gave no preference to her was a safeguard," he whispered, with a bitter smile; then, as his murmured words recalled her too forcibly for silence, he repeated her name:

"Maude, poor child!"

He entered the house again, and again rung for Mrs. Holcombe.

"I am a great deal of trouble, I know," he began, pleasantly; "but will you take me through the rooms, and show me what you regard the most convenient suite, and the most elegant guest-chambers?"

"Bless you, Mr. Frederic, I shall be proud and happy to accompany you. But I must confess, it does seem strange for a gentleman not to know enough of his own house to go through it alone."

"I am a strange man, Mrs. Holcombe, as you truly say. Besides my bedroom and the ground floor, I have not entered a room in the Archery for two years."

His face clouded again.

"Do not let your mind run on your troubles, sir, so much. Pardon my boldness," she added, noting his stern features.

"Pardon me, my good friend, for neglecting you for so many months. As you say, my griefs oppress me constantly, and under their burden I almost faint at times."

They paused before a massive oaken door, in whose lock Mrs. Holcombe fitted a large brass key.

"This is the best guest-chamber, Mr. Frederic, and one in which the President might feel proud to sleep. To my notion there isn't its equal in America."

With a pardonable satisfaction, she pushed open the door, and glanced proudly around. It was a splendid apartment, the prevailing color pale pink. Carpet, curtains, and wall were all tinted in the same

delicate shade, while, scattered in picturesque confusion, were every imaginable convenience and luxury.

Frederic gazed carelessly at it all.

"Yes, it looks very well."

"Very well!" repeated the housekeeper, in indignation. "It is elegant, splendid, magnificent!"

Trevlyn smiled at her enthusiasm.

"You needn't laugh, Mr. Frederic, for I am not the only woman who has gone in ecstasies over it."

He turned quickly toward her, a flash rising on his face.

"What woman has been here?" he asked.

"If I did wrong, you must pardon me; but she was so pretty, and so lady-like, and begged me to show her the house; and I could not refuse, especially when she said she knew you, and she guessed you would not object."

The blush deepened; then his face paled.

"Of course you didn't let Miss El—the lady enter every room?"

"Bless you, no, sir. The finest and best only, of course."

"Who was it, do you know?" he asked, a feeling of exquisite joy filling him at the thought that Maude had seen his house; begged to see it; admired it. Of course, Mrs. Holcombe referred to her, for who else pretty and lady-like in all the country but Maude Elverson?

"She left her card with me, but made me promise I would not let you see it. It was a short name, like Kate or Belle; neither of those, though."

"Yes," he said, softly, "she means 'Maude.' Was it an uncommon name, Mrs. Holcombe—an odd name?"

He almost feared the answer, lest, after all, it were not the one.

"The queerest I ever heard; I never heard it before or since."

He felt satisfied now—and if he only could get possession of the precious card, so that he might kiss the name he loved so fondly, he would find it a panacea in his moments of gloom and darkness.

"Mrs. Holcombe," he began, gently and persuasively, "I feel greatly flattered that any young lady should have been pleased with the taste I have displayed in my furniture. But could I know her name, I would like to present her my compliments."

He smiled at Mrs. Holcombe.

"But I have forgotten the name, Mr. Frederic, indeed I have, or I would tell you, seeing you would assure her how welcome she was."

"Most certainly I should; and invite her to repeat her tour of investigation. If I had her name—or the card," he suggested, hesitatingly.

Mrs. Holcombe's face brightened visibly.

"Sure enough, there is the card safe in my trunk, if I haven't lost it. I'll get it for you. You'll promise to be friends with her?"

His heart beat violently.

"Friends with Maude? Oh, if it were only that!"

She returned soon, and Frederic saw a tiny slip between her fingers as she triumphantly carried it along.

His eager hands almost snatched the priceless treasure. Maude's sweet name, traced by her own dear fingers. He coveted it more than untold gold. This should never leave him, and in the glimmering light of the silent, curtained room below, he would read it—Maude's own handwriting. Mrs. Holcombe handed it to him. His nervous fingers took it tremblingly, and his loyal eyes caught the sweet name. A pale, ashen hue crept over his face as he took the coveted glance, and, without a word, he handed it back, and strode fiercely down the stairs.

The innocent card lay in Mrs. Holcombe's open palm, while her wondering eyes followed her master's retreating form.

The name was short, sweet, and sad.

To be continued—Commenced in No. 12.

Right at Last.

BY J. GUILLAUME LA ROE, JR.

"CAN'T I coax you to come with us, Mr. Jennings?"

Miss Marion Merton asked this question very coquettishly indeed—just as she might have done during her first season, six years or more back, for Marion wasn't as young as she "might be."

"No, I'm not to be coaxed, Miss Merton. Nevertheless, I hope your party will find it pleasant picking berries in this scorching sun."

Mr. Will Jennings tried to speak pleasantly to the party, which, besides Marion, consisted of her mother and Jenny Holmes—an orphan, and niece to the latter.

Mrs. Merton had tried Greenport this year, because it was "so private, you know;" not like Long Branch—in price especially, she might have added to herself. For Mrs. Merton had found out that her purse wasn't as deep as it used to be, and that Marion was still on her hands, not to mention her orphan niece, Jenny, who did away with hiring one servant less. Of course, she was supposed to be treated as her daughter, by the world in general—who, of course, knew nothing about their private life.

Finding her efforts unavailing, Marion moved in the direction of the woods, with her shawl and little basket on her arm.

Out of sight of the hotel, she gave Jenny then, saying, spitefully:

"You and mother can go on. I don't care to go roasting in the sun," and she stood stock-still in the shade.

"And how can you get back without Mr. Jennings seeing you? Of course it wouldn't do to let him think you did this all for effect," Mrs. Merton said, ever mindful of "effect."

"Who cares for that old fool? I'm sure I don't," and Marion was in a characteristic temper as she said this, at the same time preparing to retrace her footsteps.

"He isn't so old, after all, if he is plain-looking; and besides, he is immensely rich. If it comes to that, though, Marion, you mustn't be too fastidious," Mrs. Merton said, with a severe look on her face.

"I'd marry him to-morrow if he asked me, if only to get rid of your reminders, mother!" the spoiled beauty exclaimed, gasping hysterically.

As for Jenny, she stood looking on with her arms filled with shawls and baskets, for it was very damp in the woods. While her relatives were thus settling it between themselves, they never thought to notice Jenny, who was lost in a reverie of the happy past.

Suddenly, she was startled by an exclamation from Mrs. Merton, who was looking up at the ominous clouds.

"No borrying to-day, for a storm will soon be upon us," and as she spoke, the air gradually darkened, and a clap of thunder broke over them, blanching Mrs. Merton's and Marion's faces.

"Come, let's go back; we'll have a good excuse now," Mrs. Merton exclaimed, hurriedly, as the rain-drops came pattering on the leaves softly.

Then they were all off hurriedly, forgetting the shawls which Jenny was burdened with.

A few minutes brought them to the hotel, just in time to escape a heavy drenching, for it seemed that the very heavens were pouring down.

Mr. Will Jennings was sitting in the general parlor as they entered, out of breath—Jenny lagging behind, for she found that her load had grown very heavy.

"What a pity that your sport was spoiled, Miss Holmes!" Mr. Jennings exclaimed, at the same time relieving the blushing Jenny of her load, and placing the damp shawls on the table.

"How careless of you, Marion, to leave Jenny with that load; but you see, Mr. Jennings, we were so startled by that clap of thunder, and we're such cowards, that we ran off without thinking," and Mrs. Merton put on her sweetest smile as she took a chair by the side of Jenny.

Then the conversation became general, and before they went up to their rooms to prepare their toilettes for dinner, Mrs. Merton saw, with a good deal of pleasure, that Marion had successfully "baited" Mr. Jennings!

"Now, all you'll have to do, Marion," her mother exclaimed, as the three left the room, "will be to make him propose. Of course, that's easy enough."

The next minute their rooms had been reached, and Jenny, in her own little "attic," sat down, busily thinking.

Try as she would, she could not forget the past, and the knowledge that Will Jennings was near her, pained her so. Why not let bygones be bygones? He evidently thought so; hence his attentions to Marion.

Of course, there was a love story. When Jenny was an heiress, and before that crash which swept away a good many once rich men, and her father in a suicide's grave, she had known and loved Will Jennings. They had never been engaged, though Mrs. Grundy announced if they were not really, they would soon be. That was before her father's failure—after which she was lost to the fashionable world, and consequently to Will Jennings. Then the next thing she heard was that he was married; and, also, that his wife had died shortly afterward.

There was a lapse of three years, and the Merton party came upon him at the "Greenport House," a few days before the "berrying party."

Pretty Jenny Holmes' face wore a sad expression as she sat thinking all this over. Then she placed herself before the glass, as if she had grown an old woman in that time!

She was only eighteen then, and now she looked not a whit older than her age, though she had aged young.

A sweet face, with pearls white skin, deep azure eyes, shaded by dark eyelashes, and a sweet little roselip of a mouth—that's what she saw in the glass.

Then, with a little of woman's vanity, she smiled at the image thus reflected, and said:

"Quite passable for an 'orphan,' Miss Holmes," and she sat down the next minute as if ashamed of herself!

As she did so, she heard the first gong go off, and knew that she had only ten minutes to complete her toilette; at the end of which time she marched down-stairs alone.

She found her aunt and Marion already there, preparing to go to the dining-room, in company with Mr. Jennings. Seeing Jenny, Mrs. Merton ran away from Marion, saying, gayly:

"You two young people go ahead, and I'll escort my little Jenny," and her smile was very sweet indeed as she took Jenny by the arm.

Not a word was spoken after this, as they marched below.

Marion managed to get hold of the piano that evening, and Jenny saw, as she sat at a cipher in a chair near the door, with a burning heart, that Will Jennings had ears for Marion alone!

At length, when Marion had finished playing a most difficult *morceau*, exciting Will Jennings' favorable comment—for he had a passion for music, and Marion shrewdly guessed it—she looked up and saw that Jenny had disappeared.

Of course, Mrs. Merton was surprised, though she informed Marion that Jenny complained of having a headache.

"Though for that matter," she continued, "she's such a queer girl that you can't make any thing out of her. Just like an old maid, for all the world!"

Then she gave a look toward Marion, who thereupon played one of the most difficult of the Arditi waltzes. Of course, Will was entranced, and so was Mrs. Merton.

"Really, things are turning out first-rate, Marion; and if you aren't engaged by the night of the ball, you'll surely be then," Mrs. Merton said, and she could afford to kiss the languid Marion good-night.

It was near the end of the season, and the grand ball was to end it, so preparations were made on a grand scale.

In a fever of expectation the important night came, and with it delightful weather on the beach.

Jenny had been employed all the week on Marion's new dress, for your fashionable dressmakers know how to charge, and Jenny was handy at the needle. As for Marion, she was getting along very well as far as Will Jennings was concerned. Once he had asked for Jenny, when he was informed by the affectionate Marion that she was such an ill-natured person that she kept to her room for spite.

As the clock struck eight, that night, Jenny finished the proud Marion's dress; and none too soon, for that beauty said, as she came into the sort of parlor occupied in common by the three:

"Really, you've finished it at last, but I suppose I'll look a perfect fright in it. Why couldn't I have Madame Lemon, mother, to do this? There's those Berkeley girls—"

"Don't, for goodness' sake, cry; and really, that sets beautifully, especially the trail. Here's the overskirt," and Mrs. Merton helped toward the toilette of her dutiful daughter.

"I don't care much. Mr. Jennings (I don't think I ever could call that bear Will) won't know whether I'm in black or green, as long as I'm all right around the head," and the beauty looked at her mass of tow hair, which, by some process, had been transformed from the drawer to her head!

Having finished the fixing part, she commenced to observe her carriage, remarking: "Pshaw! this will all be thrown away on Mr. Jennings, but I hope to goodness he won't stick around me all night. He's a regular old-fashioned fool, but—"

"Why, Marion, you mustn't say that of a gentleman with whom you are engaged," and Jenny sighed, seeing which, Marion, with an irate toss of her head, said:

"Ah! so you haven't got over that old love affair yet. 'Pon my word, how righteous we're getting! Come along, mother. Jenny can follow when she gets over her love-fit," and she flounced out of the room, followed by her mother—for they were playing the first dance already, and Marion wouldn't miss a waltz for the world!

As for Jenny, she sighed on being left alone, and murmured the name of Will. As she did so, some one rushed toward her, and before she knew it, she was clasped in "that old fool's" arms, while his voice said:

"Dearest Jenny, I've learned a happy secret to-night, for my eyes have been opened in time. I was fool enough to come up here to meet Miss Merton, and escort her to the ball-room. I had hardly reached the landing, when I heard her angry voice abusing you, and I stopped and listened; and well I did so. Knowing that you have been true to me (and I was foolish enough to believe otherwise from Miss Merton), I ask you the question which I should have asked you years ago: Dearest Jenny, *will you be my wife?*"

"Yes" came very lowly indeed, and they sat talking over the olden time, and the happy time to come, unmindful of the loud-voiced music beneath them, and of the angry beauty who had sought for Will in vain.

Then, as it grew late, he kissed Jenny good-night; while she, after he had gone, in a happy delirium, kissed again and again the golden ring which had come so near belonging to Marion.

Of course, the Mertons learned all in due time, but Jenny was never forgiven. Meanwhile, she was very happy, for the clouds had all flown; every thing was right at last.

A Daring Deed.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

ONE dark and drizzling night in 1776, three hunters sat before a small fire in a dense wood in the eastern part of New York. They were young men, with features hardened by exposure, and, judging from the wistful glances they threw at a piece of venison roasting on the coals, were hungry.

"Isn't that meat done?" asked the most

youthful looking of the trio, as his companion turned the tempting venison.

"If it was, you'd not see me turning it," was the reply. "Within the coming ten minutes you'll find yourself devouring a portion of it."

"It is good enough," cried the youth. "Take it off now, John, and let us go for it. I am nearly starved. I believe I could eat an Onondaga."

"Precious tough eating you'd have off such meat," said the third hunter. "I don't want any of it on my dish. John, do you remember the proposition you made near a year ago when we camped on the Genesee?"

"No."

"About the council-fire of the Six Nations?" said the youth, whose name was Julian Verplane.

"Yes."

"I recollect it now," said John Torrey. "I believe you objected to it then."

"Yes, on good grounds, as both of you know. Now I am eager to attempt it."

"No more than I, Blake," said John. "Nor I," said the youth.

"Why not make the attempt now? A better night for the deed could not be found; and besides, we are only four miles from the council-house."

"Yes, let us do it to-night," cried young Verplane. "If I get the black ball I will go cheerfully."

"Let us to work at once."

"The venison first."

An inspection disclosed the fact that the venison was done to a turn, and almost in silence the trio devoured it.

"Now the balls, Blake," said Torrey.

Blake Noble, the oldest of the trio, drew a small wooden box from his pocket, which contained three little wooden balls—two white, the third one black. When it was necessary that one of the hunters should perform a certain labor, the balls were called into requisition, and the labor fell upon the shoulders of him who drew forth the colored ball.

The object now in view was no less than an attempt to extinguish the great council-fire of the Six Nations, which, from time immemorial, had been in the keeping of the Onondagas, and by them was always kept burning. It was in the center of the council-house of the tribe, and night and day was tirelessly watched by a band of picked warriors.

The leader of this band was an aged Indian named Necomo, or the Sleepless. His place was nearest the sacred fire, and his people believed that he never slept.

To enter a populous Indian village, crawl into the council-house among a band of vigilant braves, and extinguish a council-fire, ever watched by sharp eyes, seemed the greatest of great impossibilities. Yet, the three hunters determined to attempt it. More, they swore, by all that they held sacred, that the council-fire of the great confederacy should be extinguished. If he who made the first attempt was discovered, his companions would follow and make others.

It was a daring conception, worthy its proposers and executors.

Into the wooden box John Torrey thrust his thumb and fore finger and drew out a white ball.

"Well, I don't have to crawl into the lion's den," he said, smiling. "Now, Julian, try your luck."

Smiling, the youngest hunter followed his companion's example, and drew forth a ball. He held it up. It was black!

"By George! you're elected, Jule," cried Blake.

"Yes," said the young hunter, a shade of paleness overspreading his face, for he thought not of the danger of the mission, but of his sister, who dwelt on the banks of the Hudson.

"If you do not want to go first, Julian, I'll go," said John, noticing his comrade's features, which were visibly pale.

"No," he answered, firmly. "I drew the black ball, and I am going. I will start at once."

He rose and picked up his rifle. "Loan me your blanket, Blake; it is larger than mine."

"What do you want with it, Jule?"

"Never mind that."

The blanket was handed to the young hunter, and he grasped the hands of his companions.

"Good-by, boys. If I am not here when the sun rises, tell my sister that I am no more. And if I return with a snow-white scalp, you will know that the Sleepless Onondaga sleeps the long sleep, and that the great council-fire has been extinguished."

He wrung their hands, threw the blanket over his shoulders and disappeared.

"He's a noble fellow," remarked Blake Noble, "and I fear that he is going to his death."

"I never expect to see him again," said John. "Oh, had I but known that he would have drawn the black ball I should never have made the proposition. He is so kind, so young. It will break his sister's heart."

"He shall not go!" cried Blake Noble. "I will call him back. Hello, Jule!"

No answer came, for already Julian Verplane was out of hearing, and with a sad heart Blake rejoined his companion.

Let us follow the young hunter.

Though young in years his woodcraft was not to be despised, and he made his way through the dense forest, as rapidly as though it were day. He lessened the distance between himself and the object of

his nocturnal journey, and did not halt until he reached a stream swollen by recent rains.

Upon the bank he paused a moment, when he sprang into the muddy element, and soon found himself, drenched to the skin, on the opposite shore.

"Perhaps I had best give my blanket another soaking," he murmured, preparing to carry his words into effect.

He stooped at the edge of the water, and held the blanket beneath the surface for some minutes. Withdrawing it, he wrung it lightly, and throwing it over his shoulder, resumed his journey, but with more caution than before. He was distant but one mile from the Onondaga village, and great caution was necessary, for some of their scouts might be returning to or departing from their lodges.

Without adventure worthy of record, young Verplane gained a knoll, the summit of which was covered with a spontaneous growth of brushwood. Cautiously ascending the knoll to obtain a view of the Onondaga village by the dim light of the stars, the hunter penetrated the copse, in the center of which his hand suddenly came in contact with a naked arm.

Before he could withdraw it a dark form sprang up before him, and rising, too, he confronted a naked savage! The inevitable combat he knew would necessarily be a deadly one, and to make it a noiseless one he sprang upon the Indian before he recovered his equilibrium, lost by being suddenly awakened by a white man.

Clutching the throat of his enemy, the hunter threw him to the ground, and a moment later the red-man's soul stepped upon the "trail of death."

Wiping his gory blade, our adventurer returned to its sheath, and took a survey of the village. Silence, which seemed almost palpable, brooded over it, and our friend's eye caught the gleam of the great council-fire of the Six Nations. In silence he contemplated it for a moment, during which time his mind wandered to the sweet sister and his two companions—when he laid his rifle upon the dead Indian and crawled down the knoll.

Over the limits of the village and around the lodges, with ready knife in hand, he slowly made his way, until he crouched at the edge of the council-house. Gradually elevating his head, he ascertained the position of the picked band that guarded the sacred fire. All but one lay in different sleeping postures around the fire, and the wakeful savage was Necomo, the Sleepless Onondaga!

The fire was composed of six sticks, typical of the Six Nations, and threw a ruddy glare around and upon the dusky sleepers.

"Necomo looks drowsy," muttered Julian, very low, as he gazed upon the chief of the fire-watchers. "I think Somnus will fold him in his mantle within an hour. I will wait. I think it is not past midnight. Ha! he yawns."

Composing himself in an easy posture, the hunter centered his eyes on Necomo. Minutes glided by, but the vigilant Onondaga did not close his eyes. The hunter would wait no longer.

"As old contrariness has taken possession of Necomo," he muttered, "I am going to steal a march on him. If I do not try to slip up behind him, then my name isn't Verplane. I begin to believe that the fellow never sleeps."

The young hunter left his position and disappeared among the lodges. An hour elapsed, when he found himself at the edge of the council-house, in the rear of the sleepless savage. Then began a series of movements, in which were combined the nature of the cat and the serpent. By inches the daring fellow approached the chief, until he paused with bated breath within an arm's length of him.

Unconscious that the sworn enemy of his race was so near, Necomo remained immovable, but wide awake before the fire his hands had fed since the days of his boyhood. The snows of the last few years had variously affected him, and his hearing was not so acute as it was once. But he had received his second sight.

The slight deafness of the sleepless Onondaga aided Julian Verplane, who, approaching a foot nearer, clapped one hand over the toothless mouth and drew him to him. Before the aged savage could divine a motive for such strange procedure, the keen blade of the hunter's knife sunk into his heart, and with a groan, that did not escape, he sunk into the arms of death.

Noiselessly tearing off the snow-white scalp, and thrusting it into his belt, the hunter proceeded to carry out the great object of his mission—the extinguishing of the council-fire. Looking around he found himself in a semicircle of warriors reposing in the arms of Morpheus. The hunter clutched his knife and darted venomous looks upon the sleeping forms, for he thought of his parents who had fallen beneath their hatchets. His arms ached to drive the knife to the hearts of the sleepers; but, with a mighty effort he checked the impulse and turned to the fire.

Taking his blanket from his shoulder, the hunter partially unfolded it. Then he drew one of the six brands from the fire and thrust it between the wet folds of the blanket. It was extinguished. Another and another he served in like manner, until not a single spark of the council-fire of the great confederacy met his vision.

With a grim smile of satisfaction the brave Pennsylvanian rose to depart. Cautiously he began to step over the sleeping

warriors. Before he extinguished the council-fire he carefully noted their positions, and was able to proceed understandingly.

But, unluckily for the hunter, a warrior had—as the last brand was extinguished—changed his position, and the foot of our hero trod upon his chest!

The next moment a yell broke the stillness, and the awakened savage grasped the leg of the hunter. His situation was dangerous, for the other Indians were rising; but he did not despair. In the dim and therefore uncertain light, he struck at his would-be captor. The blade tore through the Indian's cheek, laying it open to the bone, and causing him, with a cry of pain, to relax his hold.

Away darted the hunter, with a yelling pack in his rear. They had caught the gleam of the blade as he struck. Darting among the lodges, he managed to gain the knoll, where he paused to recover his rifle, and then dashed away again.

The chase was exciting. Through thickets, patches of briars, and fens, reeking with miasma, the pursued led his pursuers; and so close were the Indians to him at times, that he turned at bay. As he gained the right bank of the stream mentioned in the course of my narrative, his pursuers were jumping into it from the left. Then he paused and discharged his rifle, and an Onondaga sunk beneath the troubled waters.

The savages, in their haste, had left their arms at the council-house, and were determined to take the daring white alive.

On, on, pursuers and pursued.

At last Julian's eyes descried a fire ahead. He was near his companions. They heard him coming.

"Here comes Jule!" cried Blake Noble, "pursued by a legion of red-skins."

The two hunters seized their arms, and rose to their feet. Suddenly their companion burst from the darkness.

"Fall, Jule, fall!" cried John.

The young hunter fell forward, as though a bullet had suddenly pierced his forehead. Two rifles sent their reports reverberating through the forest, and two Onondagas fell dead.

The remainder paused a moment, and then, with yells of dismay, fled toward their village.

"Jule, have you got it?" cried John.

"The scalp? yes," replied the young hunter, producing the scalp of Necomo.

"That's it, by Jupiter! Boys, this country is too hot for us. We must depart. The Six Nations will turn out to a man to hunt us down, and for us they will beat every bush in New York. Let us go to Virginia."

The hour saw the trio on their way to Virginia, which they reached after a series of exciting adventures. The vengeance of the Six Nations pursued them, and John and Blake fell beneath the bullets of the fire-watchers. But Julian Verplane, the hero of the daring deed, escaped their vengeance, and lived to a green old age on the banks of the Hudson.

Our Ballads.

[We propose to award a corner in our paper to original ballads, and will be happy to receive from our friends contributions of that class. Some of the most charming poems in the language are ballads. We hope our contributors having a talent for this species of composition, will let us hear from them.]

THE LOVERS.

Two lovers by the trysting-tree!
The bright stars slyly peeping!
The queenly moon across the sea,
Her silent vigil keeping.

Soft were the mutual tones of love,
And warm their last embracing;
The branches green their heads above,
Like love's arms interlacing.

A farewell kiss: a longing look;
A tear in love's eye glistening,
Departing from the well-known nook,
Where they had kept their trysting.

A life upon the mountain wave—
"A home upon the deep";
A hurricane—no hand to save
From Death's unbroken sleep.

Bad news speeds fast, and this sped fast;
And hearts, which Death had blighted,
By Death were wed, and were at last
In brighter climes united.

J. G. MANLY, JR.

Cruiser Crusoe:

OR,

LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFORREST.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

WHEN the first streak of dawn was in the sky, and while the savages still slept, it was my resolve to gain a more safe place of concealment, which I did at the risk of meeting an alligator in the tall reeds. Some of these Fans might by chance have heard of white men and fire-arms, and when broad daylight appeared would perhaps pluck up courage, and search for me. So it was the wiser plan to keep strictly concealed until they left, which they did considerably earlier than I expected.

About two hours after sunrise not a soul was to be seen, while I arrived in time to drive away the filthy vultures and take a meal from some stray and inferior beast. But I was glad of it. This and a draught of muddy water served me for breakfast. Now a feeling of hopelessness and despair came over me. What could I do against such an overwhelming force, and yet, having once succeeded in emancipating her from their clutches, why not again?

Then the reflection occurred to my mind,

that these savages, who belonged certainly not only to the continent but to the interior, were about to return to their homes on the vast continent, on which, if I ventured, every suffering from hunger, thirst, or slavery, might be my lot. I was turning my back on that little earthly paradise which I had created for myself, and how could I be certain, under any circumstances, that I should ever see it again?

Little do we know the value of any thing until we have lost it, neither in the case of human beings or any thing animal or material, which one has loved. How miserable seemed my state when first I was cast away on that deserted spot, and how rapidly had I learned to know what any man, however lonely, may do for himself if so much inclined. After two years and more, though still longing to see once more the country of my birth, the island had become a sort of home. I was reconciled to it—I was used to it. There were my horses, dogs, gazelles, ostriches, and other animals—what a state they must be in!

It seemed another shipwreck to have fallen upon such evil days, to be lost upon a part of my supposed island which was so far away from home, and across which it would cost me so many weary hours to penetrate. But would it be right, would it be manly, would it be proper, to desert that girl who had won such a place in my affections? I could not do it, so having made the heartiest meal I could out of what offered itself, again proceeded in pursuit.

It was a water-trail now, for the savages, some sticking to the logs, some wading, everywhere left their mark. But now, to my utter surprise, this muddy lagoon, or lake as it may be called, had no outlet, at least in appearance, until at last a narrow opening was found completely overhung with trees, through which the negroes had forced their way. The bank was lined with palm-trees of an immense height. But everywhere on the slimy banks were huge, fat crocodiles.

The water was literally alive with fish, upon which crocodiles, pelicans, herons and ducks, and other water-birds fed indiscriminately.

But as I had no desire to be food for crocodiles, I left the stream, and only keeping it occasionally in sight, contrived to still follow the trail, for before an hour had expired I saw the troop of negroes hurrying forward with the utmost speed. But what else did I see? A channel some five or six miles wide, separating my island, as now I knew it to be, from a vast mainland, on which I saw rising, in the far-off distance, certain lofty mountains that towered to the very skies.

But grand as was the sight, even to the arid, rocky shore of the continent—stony, dry and without vegetation—it could not occupy my attention a moment. At my feet, not half a mile distant, was a very large village or rather town, while dispersed over the plain below were animals of some kind that looked like oxen, cows and horses.

Then I thoroughly understood the character of something which I had caught sight of on the other shore, and which had at first, when I examined it through my telescope, made my heart beat with joy. It was an immense inclosure protected by a fence of palisades. I knew it to be a great Portuguese barracoen or slave-pen, and knew also that a stranger had better fall into the hands of the cannibals, than an Englishman into the hands of these jealous ruffians.

The far village, which lay at my feet, was, I thought, in league with the savages. But—it may as well be known at once—the barracoen was deserted. It had been so, long since, a fever having carried off a few old watchers who were left in charge, and the savages having been tempted to pillage and take the few cattle that remained, in consequence.

I followed the savages at a distance, and saw the women and children come forth in droves to meet them. I crept from tree to tree, and bush to bush, until I got where I could have a complete view of all that passed. The village was composed of huts and tents mixed together, but, with few exceptions, ranged round a semicircle, outside of which was a species of stockade.

I saw the Indian girl in their midst, receiving all the honor which the wonderful story the savages had to tell could entitle her to. She bore herself with an uneasy and half-amused dignity, which under any other circumstances would have been comic, but which now went to my heart. Every thing conspired to make her loss to me greater and more painful.

A number of the largest-sized canoes, with a huge raft, made, I could judge, from beams cut in other days by the Portuguese slavers, and covered by lighter wood, were drawn into the mouth of a creek, which, canal-like, wound up to the front of the village, and then disappeared amid a mass of dark-green foliage. Every thing was clearly ready for a start. These savages would in all probability not delay long their departure. They had store of ivory; they had some cattle; they had, more wonderful still, horses of a stunted European breed; and they had their fairy queen.

I sat still, planning, plotting, trying to invent some plan, however wild and dangerous, by which to attain my wishes, until gradually night fell, and the sound of music recalled me to myself. I crept round, as close as I dared, and peering over the stockade, saw that the girls were dancing, while the men

sat round in a half-circle. The music consisted of drum made of wood and goat-skins, while the dancing was indescribable. It was a mixture of wild energy and deliberate indecency.

As she was nowhere to be seen, I leaned moodily against a tree, and scarcely noticing what was going on, still mused and thought, until a cessation of the dancing again aroused me. Then the men crowded around the camp-fires, while the women stood apart conversing in low, hushed whispers. Their voices were merry enough, sometimes even their laughter was musical and pleasant.

They were talking about her. This I could make out by their pointing toward a large tent, which, closed and apparently without any ordinary door, stood on the edge of the village.

Near it was a kind of pound, in which they had placed a mare and colt, that, as if in want of fresh food, were rubbing their noses against the palings and whinnying every now and then in a mournful manner. It was quite clear that these Indians did not understand the nature of the animals they had captured, and kept them far more for ornament than use.

How I gazed at them, with what burning longing, with what deep anxiety! what projects the sight of them roused within my mind! It was a good omen to my fancy that these savages had not brought with them any of their curlike dogs, so that it might be possible for me to carry out an idea of rescue which had now occurred to me. She was in that tent. The mare was strong, the colt above two years, I thought. At all events it would bear her.

Then, as soon as the savages were asleep, which, unfortunately, they were not likely to be for some time, I would boldly enter the village, visit the tent, lead her to where the horses stood; and then, armed as I was, escape was easy. My very heart once more thrilled with joy at the thought. But at this moment I was compelled to bury myself deeper in the bushes, as I saw two girls coming toward me loaded with gourds and calabashes.

My impulse of thankfulness was great, for I was perishing with thirst. They walked slowly, chatting and laughing, until they came within ten yards of me. One turned toward a little hollow, whence she soon returned with several gourds of water, but the other stood still under a palm tree. What could she be going to do? Had she obtained some inkling of my presence? It was possible, for their hearing is very keen. I was soon undeceived. With an instrument, something in the shape of a gimlet, she bored a hole in the palm tree, after which a tube was inserted and the calabash fastened on. This she did in several places and went away, leaving the juice to run till morning.

I was, I knew now, about to be amply supplied with palm wine.

Knowing, however, that the process was slow, water was my first requisite, and, descending to the pool, I drank freely. I came up and again took up my post of observation. The savages were still laughing, talking, and telling stories. The girls and women were, however, gradually moving off to their several huts and tents.

Then I rubbed my eyes, fancying that I was in a dream. The skins of the tent—that of a great chief—were raised, and the Indian girl came forth. Her step was cautious and slow for a few minutes, when she sunk down upon the soft sward. What was she doing? Something with her hands I could make out, but not what she was doing. This lasted some minutes, when she rose with a good bundle of fresh green grass. My heart leaped within me, from mingled joy and fear.

Then she moved slowly, casting stealthy glances every now and then toward the camp-fire, round which the savages were collected, until at last she reached the inclosure. The mare whinnied loudly, and at once the girl cast the grass forward. The two animals began at once to eat eagerly, as if they needed such refreshment. Then she climbed over the palings, and stood in the inclosure herself. In her hand was a strip of something—it was yes—it was a halter. Then she was about to escape without me. This was not utterly disheartening, but still the chances were against her alone, whereas, aided by me, she might have made chance a certainty. Still, I prepared to join her. It was a matter of certainty she would not be frightened if she saw me, so I prepared to head her off in the direction which she must necessarily take.

Then imagine my dismay and surprise, when removing two or three palings, she led forth the mare coaxingly; then, with a bound, leaping to its back, urged it at once to a trot. The savages were silent a moment. Then, at a cry from one of their body, they darted to their feet, yelling, shrieking, and making such hideous noises as made me stand transfixed to the spot.

She, however, neither swerved nor hesitated. In her hand was a thong, with which and the heel of her little boot she urged the stout and active mare forward across the plain and toward the rocks. Still several of the fastest runners of the tribe dashed off in pursuit, though evidently, from the glances I could make out, reluctantly. They looked at her now with more awe than ever, having probably never seen the horse or its use before.

But I was annihilated. To show myself was impossible under the circumstances; so just as I lost sight of the pursuers and pursued, I sunk down on the ground in a state of mind not to be described. It was a sort of trance, for it was nearly daylight ere I roused myself, and took precautions for my own safety. Snatching away no less than three of the calabashes of the palm wine, I hurriedly retreated toward a thicket, looking around for a place of safety.

The only thing which presented itself to me was a half-dead tree, covered by masses of the India-rubber vine. Into this I ascended by the assistance of the creeping plants, and climbed up to where its branches were thickest. It was a very large tree I now noticed, with green boughs on one side, and rotting ones on the other. The vine, however, was thick and shady, so that there was little danger of my being seen.

Now, beginning to collect my scattered thoughts, after taking a large draught of the palm wine, various plans suggested themselves to me. Hope told me the flattering promise that she would go at once, and with the least delay possible, to my summer-house, in which case I knew that the poor, suffering, starved beast would be attended to. There, in all probability, she would wait for my return, as she knew that I had followed her.

All my fatigues, all my dangers, all my sufferings, past and to come, at once seemed

to vanish at the mere thought of such a prospect. It was very unlikely that the savages would again venture into those parts of the island where I had made my power manifest, so that could I evade them here, all would be well.

I had my pistols, gun, telescope, and all my other traps safe, but I had no food of any kind whatever. This was certainly a terrible reflection, but, at all events, there was nourishment in the palm wine, which, however, it was necessary to partake sparingly, as, in my state of stomach, it would prove unusually heady.

The day was hot, and soon I began to feel its torrid influence. The immense palm trees all round kept off the breeze, and then, despite my efforts to repel it, the feeling of hunger predominated over every thing else. It is a horrid sensation. But almost close to my hand hung the bough of a certain palm on which grew some nuts. It was shaped like an egg with rounded ends. With the butt-end of my pistol I broke off the husk of one or two, and then ate the inside. It was bitter as gall, very disagreeable and hard; but it was a momentary relief, and had any more been within reach, I would have gladly eaten them.

My hope was to exist through that day as well as I could, then crawling through the wood, ascend the rocky hills and wait until morning, when it would be easy to follow the trail of the adventurous and noble Indian girl. Thinking, waiting, the weary hours seemed not to move, until again nature asserted her rights, and hunger came upon me. It began by a dimness of sight, followed by a faintness I could not control, so that I lay back against the trunk helpless and exhausted.

I have often since believed that I must have fainted, but could never tell how long I remained insensible to what was passing around me.

I could see the blue sky, and floating in it, as it were, the birds; I watched, with keen and eager eye, the gambols of a squirrel on a neighboring bough; I could see some of the lesser order of snakes crawling amid the leaves; a vulture almost dared to come near me, so certain was he of my approaching death, and only was induced to leave me by a stern and savage look. Many and varied were the sounds in the air; and none of them did I hope to hear again, for I felt that I was dying of starvation.



CRUISER CRUSOE—WITH A BOUND SHE GAINED THE BACK OF THE MARE, AND URGED IT AT ONCE TO A TROT.

An eager pull at the intoxicating palm wine revived me just as I heard loud, shrill cries from near the water-pool, cries of women, soon re-echoed by men. They had, doubtless, just discovered the abstraction of the palm-wine calabashes, and these were cries of rage and wonder.

Now knowing, as I did, the energy of these men, and being aware that, though these negroes have not the ability in tracking which characterizes the North American Indian, still I could not doubt they would make some search for the audacious intruder, who had deprived them of a luxury which they prize so much as to steal into the woods over night, and place calabashes under the tap, going there in the morning and drinking it on the spot, lest any of their comrades should require a taste.

The cries continued, and then I could hear the savages running through the woods, shrieking, yelling, and uttering their jabbering war-cry with perfect frenzy. I heard, too, another thing which alarmed me considerably. They were shooting arrows up in the trees, and uttering angry execrations all the time. Now, though this made me fully aware that they suspected the monkeys of having been the culprits, still a chance shot might prove fatal, especially as their arrows are nearly always poisoned.

A little while before, and the thought of death seemed to me to be quite natural. I had all but resigned myself to it, and believed that I never should descend from that tree again, until I dropped off a corpse. Now, at the idea of a conflict with the savages, I roused myself, and looked to my weapons, determined to sell my life dearly. I crouched, however, quite out of sight, and, gazing straight down, saw clearly that in this way they would never succeed in finding me.

Presently I heard them come to the tree with fierce and horrid cries, that resounded through the woods. Then, to my great astonishment, they joined hands and danced around, still hallowing and yelling fearfully. Had they discovered me, and were they rejoicing at the fact, or what was the reason of their outcries?

I could not, for the life of me, make out; but when the whole village seemed to be congregating on the spot to join in the fun, whatever it was, the idea crossed my mind that my track had led them to the foot of the huge and half-dead trunk round which they were laying siege.

I was treed like a coon.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

Stuck Between Stumps.

A BACKWOODSMAN'S ADVENTURE.

LONG years ago, while traveling through West Tennessee, I came across a very intelligent—indeed a "gentleman" settler, on the "Olion Bottom," who related to me a somewhat singular incident, or adventure, that had befallen him, which I give in his own words, as near as I can remember it.

Ten years ago I moved from my old homestead near Nashville to this place where you now see me. I'd bought a half section of the bottom here, which was covered thick with timber. Before bringing on my wife and family, I came out the winter previous; and, with a couple of negro hands I had hired, spent three months in making about as many acres of clearing. Things hadn't gone well with me in Middle Tennessee, and that's why I had to buy government land at a dollar and a quarter, with every tree standing upon it. I couldn't afford to speculate upon "improvements." And when the spring came, I couldn't any longer afford to pay the hire of the two negroes, and so changed them for a yoke of oxen. These I had also to hire from a neighbor, the one nearest my new purchase, an old half planter, half squatter, who lived and still lives all of five miles off up the bank of the river.

I also chartered from him a plow, my intention being to scratch up the spot I had cleared, and plant some corn, so that it would be "in the ear" by the time I should be ready to transport my Penates to the then wilderness of the Olion bottom.

"Whether I believed in the old saw, that: 'He who by the plow would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive,'

was not a question with me. I had no one either to hold or drive but myself; and all alone, in the midst of my new-made clearing, I entered upon the double duty. Of course we had left the stumps still standing, and a goodly number of the trees too; the last 'girdled' so that spring brought forth no leaves upon them. They made a fine roost, however, for the turkey-buzzard, which birds,

lower part of my limbs, and I wasn't quite certain that I hadn't already lost the use of them for life. I was certain it was lost then; for I felt riveted to the spot, firm and fast as either of the stumps that inclosed them.

"You may suppose that my first thought would be to pull back the plow, and so relieve myself. It wasn't. I was more frightened about the moving forward of the oxen, for I knew their doing so would be to mash me. I therefore bent all my energies in bringing them to a standstill and keeping them so.

"After a time I flattered myself I had succeeded, despite the stinging of the flies. The brutes appeared to know they had done wrong, and gave heed to the rein, and ear to my coaxing.

"As soon as I believed them stayed, I turned to the plow, and made an effort to relieve myself of the pressure. All in vain. I could not reach the handles, nor any part that would give me sufficient purchase to stir it from the spot. Archimedes said he could move the earth if he only had a fulcrum on which to rest his lever. But he was helpless, having no fulcrum, though not more helpless than I between those two tree-stumps. Pull and jerk as I might, and did, the plow would not stir an inch—no, not a hairbreadth—for even that would have given me hope, and relief to the pain I was suffering.

"It was little or nothing at first, and I only thought of it as an awkward dilemma. It soon became torture excruciating. All the worse too from my mental anxiety: for I knew that I could not long restrain the oxen in their place, and whenever they should make up their minds to move out of it they would take my torn limbs along with them. The chances of rescue or relief, what were they? There were none. The bald buzzards on the naked branches above appeared to think so. Their hoarse croaking seemed to say so. As I live, I believe these birds knew the trouble I was in, and were congratulating one another at the prospect of reaping advantage from it.

"For a time I felt almost paralyzed, and did nothing. I knew not what to do. I was certain I could not release myself, even had I been endowed with the strength of a Titan. Who, then, was to release me? Five miles to the nearest settlement; his from whom I had hired the oxen. I had chartered them not by the day, but the week; and

they were to be returned, at my discretion, when the plowing should be completed. He or his would not expect to see them here before then. I could have no hope of any one coming near me from that quarter. Nor from any other. The Olion bottom, ten years ago, when I first struck plow into it! Talk of finding a needle in a haystack. I had only the bears for my neighbors, and old Dave Crockett to give that section of country its fame, who, just about that time, was starting off to Texas, where he met a death in keeping with his grand, romantic reputation.

"Well, sir, we won't talk about Crockett now, as you've asked me to tell you of my own experience in the early settling of the Olion, and especially of what I call my 'plowing scrape.' I've said to you that for a while I felt myself in a fix, and I will acknowledge I had some right for coming to that conclusion. At first I didn't know what to do; and I can't say how long I remained in that state of irresolution. But, in the end, a thought came to me, perhaps the only one that could be suggested by the circumstances. It was this: the two steers I had hired for the plowing were only one day from their home. If released from their yoke they would doubtless go back to their stalls, and at once; and in order that they should carry a tale with them, I conceived a scheme.

"Drawing the nearest of them back upon the rein, I let him loose from the gearings; but on doing the same with the second, I cut off one of his ears with my knife, causing the blood to flow all over his neck and frontlet. I knew that this would lead to something more than curiosity, and bring the owner and his people straight to my clearing.

"With an anxiety not to be described, I watched the two steers as they walked off after being set free from the yoke. I was glad to see them step out hastily, and in the direction that led to their owner's home. I need not tell you of the painful hours that passed after—literally painful. They were hours of agony, both physical and mental. I again struggled to release myself from the torture. In vain. I was in a vice, over the lever of which I had no control. When I heard voices echoing through the woods, and saw men coming toward me through the clearing, I felt like one who had fallen into the water, and given up for being drowned, when a hand lays hold of and hoists him over the gunwale of a boat."

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HOW IT WAS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

It's all the saint's own blessed truth,
And so it is indeed,
As Jim and me is gentlemen,
As works upon the grade;
And last night, at our own consist,
We dropped our spades and picks,
And started for the city,
And we got to town at six.

We stopped before a door that said,
"Here's drinks for man and baste,"
And being somewhat dry, we thought,
We'd stop and take a taste;
And after taking two or three,
I am not very shure,
In recollection of the thing,
If we didn't take some more.

And for the blessed life in me,
I couldn't tell ye how,
But by and by in that saloon
Somebody raised a row;
And some one on the pate received
A lick that knocked him clean,
But I don't know if it was Jim,
Or me mother's own spalpeen.

Then came a gay policeman in,
And said, "My lads," says he,
"It's after 'restin' ye I am."
So come along with me."
But faith, if mummy serves me quite,
That lad in decent clothes,
Went out the front door at the rear,
Disabled in the nose.

The sidewalk was uneven,
As we went to take a stroll,
And every time we stipt, we seemed
To stip into a hole;
And when we turned the corners
It was such jolly sport,
For us to stand and watch ourselves
Go turning rather short.

I said, "My lad, it's strange, it is,
I can not make it out,
It's weaker than a ghost I am,
And don't feel very stout;
Perhaps the fellow at the bar—
Bad luck unto his scalp—
Put something in the whisky,
And I'd like to meet the whelp."

And as we struck a lamp-post,
And brought up against the fence,
Says Jim, "It's mistook ye are,
At least to all events:
Depend upon it, Patsy dear,
If you woke up ye'll see
We're walking in our sleep, as sure
As any thing can be."

And when we did wake up, at last,
We felt extremely good,
For it only was a drame, and we
Were lying in the mud;
It's all the saint's own blessed truth
And so it is indeed,
As Jim and me is gentlemen,
As works upon the grade.

Beat Time's Notes.

EGYPTIAN SEED CORN. This corn yields the astonishing amount of forty ears to the bushel, and each stalk has fifty-two cobs. They grow so high that they are used for masts, and so large that they use them at the saw-mills when they want a wide board. The only real difficulty is that it is inconvenient to get at the corn. The chemical essence of this corn is noted for its extreme purity. Children, raised on the royal highness, Children, raised on the meal made of it become of age very early. Hogs get very fat upon it or lean that way.

RESOLUTION OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ABJECT HUSBANDS: Whereas, a fierce campaign is brewing on our domestic hearths, and promises to be long and severe for the summer styles, which also promise to be more expensive than the last; and whereas, the battle-cry has already begun to be: "Change or Slavery." Therefore, we MEN in council assembled—our wives luckily being out of town—resolve that we will maintain our independence to the last scratch, hold fast to our own purses while we can, and, though Rome fall, assert our divine right to the exclusive control of ourselves, providing our wives are willing and offer no resistance.

I KNOW a fellow who is so lazy that he would sit down on the point of a needle if he had nowhere else to sit down on. If the wasps don't build nests in his ears it is not altogether his fault.

The fellow who got out of jail by climbing up the chimney had a narrow escape.

DICK.—There is a difference between an oasis and a sorosis. One is a pleasant place for *us-men* and the other ain't.

DENTAL.—Our teeth, put in on the patent breakfast plate, combine the principle of hatchet and hand-saw, and are warranted not to ache. They are designed expressly for the occupants of our cheap boarding-houses, and will supersede all natural teeth. They never need sharpening, and are easily ground. Terms, ten dollars a set and speedy settlement.

YOUNG WIFE.—The following are some of the grounds upon which divorce can be procured: A tendency toward onions; habitual sobriety; snoring; thereby your peace is broken; addition to scissor-tail coats; early hours—that is for getting home; the refusal of money save when you want to go away on a visit; absence of presents; pleasure of absence; Limburger cheese; want of respect; want of funds; baldness; bunions; pimples; corns, and other symptoms of insanity.

The following advertisement has been handed in, being almost too late for the press:

NORTUS! The schoolmists, both male and female, who were not eggsmained the last ultimo are expected to reappear before the bored of edge-oncasion and be so; or be excluded from teachin henseforth henseforward and ever after by order of the bored

J. VANDUSEN-PALDER,
said bored.

LOVER.—In proposing to a young lady, if your pants are not too tight, throw yourself upon your knees, being at the same time sure that you strike no footstool, and fall backward. Take her hand. Swear by your horned moon—being sure that there is a horned moon. Ask her to fly with you to some lone isle in the sea. If she says, in loving tones, "she can't see it," tear your hair—but don't hurt yourself. Talk incoherently about cold revolvers and warm "pizen." Make the scene as highly dramatic as possible. It would lighten the effect amazingly for the old governor to walk in about this time, and you then might allow the old cuss to kick you, and severely out of the front door, because the girl will take pity on you, and relent. If you don't believe half of this, try it.

BEAT TIME.